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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

THE UNITARIAN

Eliot Rev T L Jan96*

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THE UNITARIAN

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"THE WILDERNESS SHALL BE GLAD."

BY REV. FRANCIS B. HORNBROOKE OF NEWTON, MASS.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—ISAIAH XXXV. 1.

The writer of the chapter from which these words are taken is trying to rouse his countrymen, then in exile, to make the attempt to return to their native land. He seeks to inspire them with hope, and to infuse courage into their hearts by the assurance that God is with them, ready to save and to lead them.

Throughout this and many chapters of the second part of Isaiah this is the aim of the prophet, to the accomplishment of which he brings all the resources of his own faith and all the charm of his poetry. If no people was ever plunged into deeper distress, none certainly was ever quickened into newness of life by more beautiful and animating strains. As they listened to those grand chords, even the most sluggish nature must have felt the stirrings of a new impulse, and the blossoming of a new hope.

To the great unknown prophet of the captivity there was no obstacle which would not be overcome, and no danger which would not be transformed into a means of safety. To him the whole outward world is imbued with sympathy for the purpose which he wishes his people to fulfil. Everything, he says, must yield to those who trust in Jehovah. For them every valley will be exalted, and every mountain made low; and for them "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Now, it is easy to call this the language of poetry, and so to dismiss it from our thought as something with which nothing in the world of fact and reality corresponds. Yes, it is poetry, than which none greater can be found in the literature of the world. But poetry, to have value, must express the essential truth of things. The poet is a discerner and revealer of what is felt to be true the moment it is spoken. He must see

> . . . "the mysteries which circle under
> The outward shell and skin of daily life."

If he does not, he will be soon forgotten as "the idle singer of an empty day"; and his poetry will have little strength or comfort in it.

The poet prophet uses these words because he sees the intimate relation between the appearances of the world without and the character of the world within. He does not, therefore, utter unreal words when he speaks of nature as weeping with the sorrow of his people or rejoicing with their joy. Nothing is more true than the thought which lies underneath all he says; namely, that *the world is a reflection of ourselves.*

To many that may seem a bold statement. To some it may appear an untrue one. For we are so much in the habit of regarding all we see as so independent of what we ourselves are and do that we fail to realize how much the nature of our personality has to do with it. What things are is indeed beyond our control, but how things appear rests largely with ourselves. We cannot change the actual facts; but we can and we do choose our facts. We can be so blind to some, and so acutely sensitive to others, that our world may be other than the one in which those around us are living. Much lies at our feet which we never perceive. So far as we are concerned, it might as well not be. What you and I never apprehend is clear as day to our neighbors. What seems of little or no importance to ourselves

is almost the only thing to which others attend. That which makes no impression upon one stamps itself in ineffaceable characters upon the mind and heart of another. So far as what we and others see is concerned, we might as well live in different worlds; and, indeed, we are in different worlds, since the world we live in is the world that appears to us.

I.

What we see depends to an almost incalculable extent upon what we look for.

Take these poor Jews to whom the prophet spoke. When they returned to their native land, they must have found much there that in itself was not pleasant. Hostile armies had trodden the beauty of the hills and valleys into the dust. The deserted fields were full of brambles and briers. The city of David, so glorious of old with palace and temple, was bereft of all that had once made it the pride of the nation. But, despite all that, I am quite sure that the returning exiles found beauty and charm in their old home; for they were looking for that which brought back to them all the splendor of the past. They were longing for the scenes of which their fathers and mothers had told them. And so every brier-grown field and every dismantled home and every ruined city was transfigured in the light of sweet and tender memories. They had been taught to look for beauty and gladness, and they found what they sought. And this is no less true of us all. In reading a book, we notice thoughts, suggestions, and illustrations of which others never seem to have been aware. And they, in turn, are impressed by what we have passed by unheeded.

One man writes the history of a nation, and he has in mind only the development of its material resources. Another, in writing it, seems to be aware only of its intellectual achievements or of its fulfilment of some moral purpose. One unrolls before us the record of victories in war, on land and sea, of triumphs won in science, in literature, and in art, and of the great names which the nation "will not willingly let die." Another tells us only of the causes which have produced the labor problem of to-day. The Christians of Western Europe in the fifth century were almost unmindful of the destructive movements that were tending to overthrow the old Roman civilization, so busy were they in looking for the signs of the coming kingdom of God, with the vision of which their souls were enthralled.

So, too, we find what we look for in the history of a great faith, like Christianity. If we look only for the weaknesses and vagaries of its confessors, for the faults and shortcomings of its defenders, for the evils that have resulted from its organized activity, we shall see them. But, if we view that history, with Neander, "as a living witness of the divine power of Christianity, as a school of Christian experience, a voice, sounding through the ages, of instruction, of doctrine, and of reproof for all who are disposed to listen," other facts not seen before will appear; and we shall see much more and in a larger and truer way. Again, we may search the religions of the world for proof that they are a succession either of foolish fancies or of vain delusions. We may find in these a demonstration of the worthlessness of the religious feeling, or of its absolute evil when it is not guided by what we think is the only truth. But, if we look for the truths which races and nations have sought to apprehend by means of these imperfect and grotesque forms, and if we try to discover in them all the clear indication

> "That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not,
> That the feeble hands, and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
> And are lifted up and strengthened,"

we shall see the facts which go to prove that these dreams of ages and races contain glimpses not merely of deluding shadows, but of a substantial reality.

We find, too, what we look for in our ordinary experience.

Several years ago I came across a book entitled "How I lost £250,000 in Two Years." It is always interesting to know just how a fool and his money get parted, and so I wasted a little time in running over the losing account. What impressed me most of all in the book was that, although this fellow had been over a large part of the world, he seemed to have seen

nothing in it but a race course and gambling table. To take his account of it, we should never know that there was a bit of beautiful scenery or any lesson of life to be learned by contact with human beings. He saw just what he was looking for, and, no doubt, supposed he had seen the world, when in fact he had only seen a reflection of himself. Many a sailor goes over the world, and brings home with him only the names of the boarding-houses and grog-shops. Many a seeker for rest lives for weeks amid the sublimities of mountain or ocean, in company it may be with men and women of rich and varied culture, and returns home with remembrances of how games of cards were lost or won, and other equally valuable reminiscences.

"In every audience," says Emerson, "there are several audiences"; and we may say of most places that there are in them several places, each of which has its dominant characteristic. One part of the community is absorbed in business, another in social life, another in pleasure, and still others in literaure, music, art, science, or religion. Every place of any size will include about all these interests in itself. To a great extent what we know of it will be what we have found in it, by looking for it. And, when we find it, we easily conclude that to be its only feature. We think of a town or a city, and what we have sought and found in it seems all there is of it. There is much more, but we notice in it that which responds to our interest and inclination. If we seek for faults we shall find them in abundance. If we want to find something to censure, materials will not be lacking. But, if we try to find the virtues and the things of good report, we shall find them as well.

II.

But, not only do we find what we look for, we see *according to what we are.* We hear much in these days about seeing things as they are. And no doubt we ought to try to do so. Certainly, nobody wants to see them as they are not. But who does see things as they are? Some people go to Italy, and come away, saying, "There is nothing." Goethe goes; and a new world rises on his vision, and a new life is born within him. Which one has seen Italy as it is? One man hears a confusion of sounds, while another hears a symphony of Beethoven. One sees a mass of color, while another sees a revelation of a great soul's vision of beauty. Which of these shall we say has truly heard or seen? Each one has seen what he has seen. But each one has seen according to his bodily organization or according to his intellectual capacity. So, in all other things in life, things appear to us as we are. Our mood changes from grave to gay, and the world of sorrow gives place to one of gladness. Nature arrays herself in the radiance of our mood. We have awakened within us a bright hope, and all around us grows brighter. Or we fall into a despondent, hopeless condition, and then all life is tinged with the leaden hue of our despair. Again, different experiences of life give to all that we see different meanings. The poem or book or picture, which meant nothing to us when we were children, before the seriousness of life had dawned upon us, grows luminous with meaning in the light of the knowledge of later years. The poem or picture has not changed, but we have.

The impression which heroic or saintly lives make upon us is great or little, according as we have within ourselves some experience of their significance.

To the man or woman who does not know what it is to defer the pleasure of the day to some demand of duty, the heroes of history will appear to have died "as the fool dieth." To him or her the words "noble army of martyrs" will be little more than a sonorous phrase. To those who have never had a glimpse of the vision of the beauty of holiness that enraptures saintly souls, these must appear to be deluded by the phantoms of sickly brains. But to those who are conscious that man does not live by bread alone, to those who, through all their darkness, at least now and then catch flashes of the purpose of God in their own souls, the life of martyr or saint comes like a trumpet-call to do and to dare as a child of God, or like a sweet voice bidding them come up higher.

In Tennyson's "Vision of Sin" we have set before us the picture of a nature "that once seemed half divine" now consumed and degraded by a long-continued sensual gratification. It is an illustration of the words

of Saint Paul, "He that serveth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." All noble ideals have not only ceased to command the man's obedience, they have become the objects of his mockery. He despises all that is thought to make the worth and glory of humanity. Virtue, friendship, fame, holiness, patriotism, love of liberty, and earnest striving for the highest aims of existence are but themes for the exercise of his "maudlin gall." He cries derisively,—

> "Fish are we that love the mud,
> Rising to no fancy-flies."

Beside this view of the ideals of life place that of Sir Galahad, who sings,—

> "I muse on joy that will not cease,
> Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
> Pure lilies of eternal peace,
> Whose odors haunt my dreams."

Both alike see life as it is, only the one sees it in the light of a soul that had almost "quenched its power," while the other sees it in the light of a man whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure. The vision is the index of the character.

III.

We may proceed still further to declare that the world about us becomes at last what we will it to become.

It assumes the form of our aspirations and prayers. Just see what is made of the faces of men and women by thoughtful, earnest, and loving purpose! Faces that have not a correct line in them often grow wonderfully beautiful. And this is the choicest beauty of all. It is that which Emerson describes in his "Hermione,"—

> "Sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
> Culminating in her sphere."

The beauty with which one is born is well, but the beauty which has been formed by the unfolding of the spirit of love and noble thought is infinitely better. "The first man is of the earth, the second is from heaven."

And not only the bodies of people, but even the places in which they dwell, grow into correspondence with their spirit. Sometimes, as you go through this New England of ours, you see a house that has no beauty of outline or color to attract. There is nothing ornamental about it. The storms of our winters have not improved it. But, somehow, it does not seem squalid or miserable. We feel a kind of respect for it. And the reason is that the people who lived in it have put something of themselves into it, have endowed it with something of their spirit of right and truth and love; and so the plain old house is become "a thing of beauty." One house means the manifestation of the choicest graces of the spirit of its occupants, another means that so much money has been spent in building and adorning it. The one is a revelation of what people are, while the other is but a display of what they have. So our homes become like ourselves, and correspond to our characters and aims.

And what is true of home is also true of the countries men inhabit. The land of Israel was desolate, but the hearts of her people were rich in the hopes that make nations great and in the faith that causes the "desert to rejoice."

So was it with those who first landed on the barren shores of New England, swept over by the winds of winter. There was little promise in the soil; but there was a sublime purpose in the hearts of those who tilled it, and in the strength of that purpose they kept on until they made niggard Nature respond with harvests sufficient to nourish men and women whose lives and deeds are the true wealth of the nation and the foundation of its hope. The world without ever yields to the high and pure purpose within. The savage, unconscious of his power, cringes in terror before the forces of nature; but the man of higher type and larger brain and stronger soul faces them, and subdues them to his will. He finds things as they are, but he leaves them responsive to what he aspires to be. A perfect world will appear when once we have a perfect humanity to behold it.

Do we want to live in a world of goodness and beauty? Then let us look for it, and we shall find it. There is much of goodness and beauty in the world now, and our search will always bring them into full view. But we must strive to the uttermost to make ourselves capable of knowing them when they do appear. We must not deaden the nerves of moral perception, and then moan because no thrill of the soul witnesses to the presence of the highest. Let us not

take the vision of our poorest hours, of our most dismal moods, of our commonplace experience, as the true view of life. Rather let us heed the insight of our best moments, and the report of those

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream."

Let us trust more in those transforming inward forces which, when the city they have created is reduced to ashes, as with the power of magic "build it again." Let us never forget that nothing is wholly lost if these remain, that nothing is worth having when these are gone.

There is still another application which we may make of the thought we have been considering. We often speak of the gain of the world in the life of Jesus. But in what did that gain consist? It was not in the addition of some new word to the moral or spiritual vocabulary of humanity. The words he used had all in some sense been known before.

Nor was it in the statement of some truth which had never been known until it fell from his lips into the hearts of his disciples. Nor was it in any change he was able to effect in the outward form of things. It was in the quickening of human hearts with the desire to behold on every hand the signs of the presence of God, it was in the communication to others of the purpose of love which ruled in his own soul, which made the world other than it had seemed before. It was by the vision of what life ought to be that he awakened the conviction of what life must become. Jesus brought the vision which enabled men and women to see the blessings that were at hand, so clearly that to their anointed eyes all things were new. They had entered into a new life because a new life had entered into them. May our blessing, too, be this choicest one which Jesus has brought! Whatever else he brings us, may he ever inspire our hearts with the desire to know what is best, may he ever give us power to see life and duty in the light of our best moments and the best hours of those who stand on the heights, and keep alive within us the unfaltering hope that the ideals we cherish are the real creators of the world in which we are living! Then for us, too, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

THE THEOLOGY OF UNITARIANS.*

In these days of differing and changing beliefs it is not easy to define accurately the theology of any body of Christians. At the first glance this difficulty might seem to be greater in the case of Unitarians than in that of most others. Almost every other denomination expresses its belief in a formal statement of faith. To know what each believes, it might seem that one had only to read its creed. I am not sure, however, that the existence of a creed does not increase the difficulty. It introduces a complication. In these days, to learn accurately the theological position of the members of any denomination that has a creed, one must do three things. One must ascertain the real meaning of the creed; then one must learn, as best he may, the beliefs actually held by those who profess this creed; and, finally, one has to ask in what relation these beliefs and the creed stand to one another in the minds of those who profess them. In order to learn the belief of Unitarians, only one of these things has to be done. There is no common theological formula to which all subscribe.

It is not necessary to compare the belief of Unitarians to-day with that held by those even of the last generation. That their theology has undergone changes in the past, and that it is still undergoing change, is a fact that Unitarians frankly and somewhat proudly accept. Development in theology is regarded by them as a sign of life. There has been a great movement in the thought of the world in regard to all other matters, they insist: why should not theology advance with the rest? This change is very obvious when we notice the way in which Theodore Parker is spoken of by Unitarians of the present day, and compare it with the way in which he was spoken of by those who were his contemporaries. I do not say that all Unitarians would to-day accept the teaching of Theodore Parker; but he is recognized as one

*Extracts from the address delivered by Dr. Charles Carroll Everett at the National Conference at Washington.

of the heroes of the denomination that during his life held itself aloof from him, the names of Channing and Parker being often linked together, while preachers who hold views similar to his are welcomed to the pulpits from which he was excluded. The task is further simplified by the fact that, as I believe, there is a greater uniformity of belief among Unitarians than among the members of most other religious bodies. A creed is intended to promote unity of faith. In practice, however, it tends to produce divergence. The belief which a man holds, or thinks that he holds, is apt to be a compromise between what he would believe if left to himself and what the creed teaches. There is no natural line where these two meet. So the line in any individual case is more or less individual and capricious, while the fact that a certain belief is forced upon one tends to produce a recoil to a greater or less distance from it. Unitarians being unhampered by any constraint, trusting merely to such faculties as God has given them, tend to reach results more or less similar.

* * *

I have said that the Unitarians have no generally recognized and formal statement of belief. The nearest approach to this is a sentence that was introduced a year ago, with much enthusiasm, into the preamble of the constitution of this body. The statement is this: "These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and man." This, you will notice, speaks only of practical religion. There is no word of theology in it, yet it throws much light upon the theology of Unitarians. It suggests what appears to me to be the most characteristic feature of Unitarian theology. This theology contains no hint of anything similar to what has been called a "scheme of salvation." By a scheme of salvation I understand some artificial and indirect way by which men may be saved. This has generally involved a plan by which men may be accepted as being what in fact they are not. If we look over the history of religion, we find such schemes of salvation at almost every turn. Sacrifices, and, indeed, nearly all religious rites, represent some such artificial and often ingenious method of winning the favor of the Divinity. All such schemes are swept away at a stroke by the sentence that I just read. It insists upon natural relations instead of artificial ones, real relations instead of substitutes for them, life instead of expedients for covering up the lack of life. Religion is simply love to God and love to man. Man cannot be saved by any scheme, for his salvation consists in the development of his best nature.

* * *

I have spoken of the absence of any scheme of salvation as one of the most characteristic marks of Unitarian theology; while I have been careful to claim for the Unitarian no monopoly of this or any other special form of thought. I have referred to this, because more than any other aspect of the case its influence is felt in every part of the theology we are considering. If I had spoken of any one doctrine as distinctive, as of the unity of God or the nature of Christ, it would have stood very much by itself; but in the characteristic that I have named we have a fundamental principle, the effect of which is all-pervading. I have spoken of it as though it were a negation. In fact, the Unitarian belief is sometimes regarded, when compared with the older Orthodoxy, as being made up chiefly of negations. It has been regarded as a somewhat colorless residuum that remains to theology after certain positive elements had been removed. On the contrary, the negations of Unitarianism have been largely negations of negations; and their result is not negative, but positive. What has been denied are certain limits which theology had imposed, certain shadows which an imperfect theology had cast. The wind that sweeps the heaven clear of clouds does a negative work; yet its result is really positive, for it reveals the glory of the heavens. When a traveller sees for the first time the Pantheon at Rome, it does not always at once occur to him that the two little belfries that stand one on either side of the dome were not parts of the original building. He is conscious only of a certain cheapening of the effect, of a certain lack of complete satisfaction in the structure before him. A moment's reflection, however, shows that these appendages were added when the building was adapted to ecclesiastical usage. As he in imagination

sweeps these impertinences away, the grand old temple stands before him in the simplicity of its original perfection. Christianity has given to the world more of good than we can ever fairly calculate; but this Roman temple is not the only thing that ecclesiasticism has robbed of its true beauty.

The world with all its manifoldness of form and of life is yet one. The course of its history, from the lowest to the highest, follows a single line. This grand unity of nature material and spiritual ecclesiasticism has also cheapened and disfigured. The theological schemes of which I have spoken form excrescences upon the unity of the world, and stand to it in a relation similar to that in which the petty belfries stand to the temple of the Pantheon. When these are swept away, the *process* is one of negation. The *result* is a grand affirmation.

Ecclesiastical schemes do not merely add excrescences to the simplicity of nature. They draw lines and erect partitions which represent no fundamental division, but simply confuse and conceal the simple proportions of the whole. The world, according to such scheming, does not represent a single life. Its history has not been a growth, but an accretion. It has been built by a series of creations, one larger being superimposed upon another. Above all, the great glory of the spiritual life, the beauty of the love of Christ, does not belong to it. It is something foreign. The Christ came from afar. He stooped to this poor world. He moved through it, substituting other laws for its laws,—rather, setting all laws at naught,—and departed, leaving a method by which not those who merely share his spirit, but those who in addition to this, sometimes even without it, fulfil some technical requirement, may be saved. I recognize as deeply as any other the wonderful beauty of much that has gathered about this scheme of salvation. The story of the descent from heaven, and all the marvels that are connected with this strange career, have a fascination for the imagination and for the heart. To many the world looks bare and cold without them. Many feel helpless and forsaken without some such special scheme by which they may be saved; but in the simplicity and unity of the world's history there is a grandeur and a beauty that no invention of man can equal. I have no doubt that, when the complicated theory according to which the movements of the heavenly bodies were once explained, the theory of crystal spheres,—of cycles and epicycles,—was given up, to many who had become accustomed to this cumbersome machinery the heavens seemed empty and uninteresting. But who to-day, so far even as æsthetic interest is concerned, would give up the simplicity of our modern astronomical science for this antiquated and complicated arrangement? Man's inventions may be ingenious, but in nature there is something better than ingenuity. It is the simplicity of nature that the Unitarian theology seeks, and, as we believe, in part has found.

* * *

To the Unitarian the divine force is a constant element of history. It was present in the earliest period of the world, as the force which is to blossom into the beauty of the flower rests already unnoticed in the seed. When human life began, this strange and varied life of man with its loves and its longings, this divine force, was still present, guiding and uplifting. The divine life in man, hardly conscious of itself, was yet responding in some vague, imperfect way to the infinite Source from which it came. The mistakes, the degradation, the abominations, of some of the lower religions, are still indications of the lofty nature and relationships of man.

> "The fiend that man harries
> Is love of the Best."

In the religions of the world it sometimes appears really as a fiend prompting to all devilish excesses. Indeed, the selfishness and lust and cruelty of man have often been blended with the religious impulse, just as a spring of living water may be defiled by the impurities of the soil up through which it has pressed. But this living spring of the religious life in the heart of man, this spring that has its source in the divine heights, has tended to free itself from this defilement and to bring pure refreshment to the souls of men.

Theologians have spoken of the revealed religion as if there were only one, as indeed there is only one; but they have spoken of it as if it manifested itself only under one special form, that of Christianity and of the Hebrew preparation for this. What, then,

shall we say of the other religions that have seen something of God? We cannot see even a landscape that does not manifest itself to our vision. We cannot see a work of art unless the artist has revealed himself to some extent in his creation. How, then, can man anywhere or at any time have seen anything of God, unless God had shown something of himself to him? When the Vedic worshipper sang the praises of Varina, the just and the holy punisher of sin, by whom the winkings of men's eyes were numbered; when the Mazdean bowed before Ormuzd, from whom all the goodness of the world came, and who was himself the good and the hater of evil; when the ancient Chinese recognized a divine ruler of the world who was no respecter of persons, who looked not at men's descent and position, but at their deeds,—had there not come to all these some revelation of the highest? These visions indeed appeared in the midst of beliefs and forms that were of a lower order, but the visions were no less real. There is, then, no religion that is not a revealed religion; and there is no religion that is not a natural religion. That these statements seem to contradict one another, and their combination seems to suggest a meaningless paradox, shows the low and imperfect view which many take of nature and of man.

It is this low and imperfect view so generally held of nature in general and of human nature in particular that makes it so difficult for the Unitarian to make his position fairly understood. If he says that Jesus was a man, he is understood to say that he was *mere* man, as though there were ever such a thing as a mere man. If he says that Christianity was the result of a natural religious development in the world, he is understood as saying that it is only a human invention, as if there were ever a natural or human religion which was not in some degree the manifestation of the divine Spirit that has been all along present in the world. If, on the other hand, to avoid such misunderstanding, he insists that Jesus was divine, he is understood to be separating him from the world, and placing him in the heavens. When he denies this interpretation of his statement, he is accused of juggling with words.

The source of such misunderstanding is in the fact that men have been so accustomed to place, in their thought, God on the one side and the world on the other, the Divine on the one side and humanity on the other, that any community between the two forms of being seems impossible unless they are forcibly brought together in an external combination. Unitarianism did well to insist, especially through the voice of Channing, on the dignity of human nature. The words "dignity of human nature" sound sometimes to us strange and meaningless enough, as we look upon the selfishness and greed that play so great a part in the affairs of men. We must remember, however, that the greatest and the best are as truly men as the lowest and the meanest. Both belong to the same race. If the one class shows pitifully enough somewhat of the actual condition of humanity, the other class shows no less clearly something of its possibility. The Unitarian formula which I have quoted implies something of this dignity of human nature. It speaks of love to man, just as Jesus did, as one side of the religious life. The phrase you will notice is "*love* to man." It is not pity for man, it is not merely sympathy, it is not merely duty toward man: it is love. Love implies that to the lover there is something lovable in the object of his affection.

* * *

The dignity of human nature consists in the grandeur of its possibilities. These possibilities result from the fact that in man the divine force which has been the moving power in the development of nature may attain to consciousness of itself, and thus to a more direct manifestation of itself. If the world is a godless world, then it is well that a God should descend from the heavens for its redemption.

Within a few days I have met a pamphlet written with great learning and strong logic to prove that, without the supernatural birth of Jesus, Christianity would be without basis and without significance. I imagine that few Christians would take such extreme ground as this; but, to very many, the power and significance of Christianity consists in the fact that it came from above to the world, and was not the natural outgrowth of nature and history. Our theories do not change the nature of things. If you call Jesus a God, none the less does his

humanity remain. If you call him a man, he is no less divine. The Unitarian bases the honor which he pays to Jesus, the reverence that he feels for him, and the obedience that he owes him, not upon theories, but upon facts; not upon any official dignity that he finds in him, but upon the work which he actually accomplished. If nothing is so important to man as religion and morality, then he who has done the most and the best for these deserves the highest place in the reverence of man. If, as most, if not all, Unitarians believe, the moral and religious teaching of Jesus was higher and more complete than the world had known, and if the religion that owes its origin to him is loftier and better adapted to man's spiritual nature than any other, and if his life was so in accord with his teaching that it adds to his power and is glorified by it, then there is needed no thought of superhuman origin or of official rank to draw forth the deepest gratitude and homage.

> "All hail the great Immanuel's name,
> Let angels prostrate fall!
> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him Lord of all."

Thus has the church sung often in inspiring strains. The Unitarian knows little of diadems and prostrate angels. A different note fits better with his faith: —

> "And those who dearest hope and deepest pray
> Toil by the Life, Light, Way, which thou hast given."

It appears to me that these humbler and more human strains express the truest homage.

But, it may be asked, what, then, is his authority? What right have we to find in him in any sense a revelation of God? The Unitarian takes from Jesus his definition of religion, but he does not hold it merely on the authority of Jesus. The scholar thanks his teacher not because he has solved his problem for him, but because he has trained him so that he can solve it for himself, or, at least, so that he can see for himself that the answer that the teacher has given him is the true one. So the Christian may be grateful to Jesus for such development of the spiritual life as makes confidence in its largest utterances possible rather than for any statements that are to be accepted merely because he made them. Yet for these highest utterances there is an outward authority,—

> "Out from the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

So sang Emerson in a poem that well might seem the prelude to the later religious thought. Because they rolled out of the heart of nature, do they reveal the power that is working in and through nature less than if they had been grafted upon it from without? "Out from the heart of nature" must come the revelation of what nature is, and of what the power is that is manifested through nature; and of such revelations the highest, because it is the highest, must be the truest.

* * *

Thus does the liberal thought restore to the world the fair products that had been torn from it. And the beauty of the Christ life, not merely lent it for its brief adornment, remains to testify to the richness of the soil from which it sprang, to testify to the fact that a divine force is working through this life of ours that seems to us often so low and meaningless; that even in our hearts it may work some fruition if we will suffer it.

* * *

In regard to the thought of God, I know of few Unitarians who are greatly attracted by metaphysical speculations or theosophical constructions. In the formula that has served us in some sort as a text the Unitarian speaks of love to God as the first great element of religion. If God is to be loved, then God must be thought of as a being whom it is possible to really love. This by itself would sweep away beliefs that make it difficult or impossible to love him if he be such as they describe. Unitarians love to think of God as Jesus taught us,—as the wise and loving Father. Moved by the influence of the later scientific thought, they love to think of him as one who reveals himself in the order and beauty of his universe rather than in interferences with this. What is loftiest and best reveals him most truly. In the mother's love for her child, in the friend's love for his friend, in the patriot's love for his country, in the good man's love for his kind, in the true man's condemnation of sin, in the aspiring faith

of the saint, in the great heart of Jesus, full of tender love of his fellows and of generous indignation toward those who would oppress their brethren, full of the consciousness of God and of longing to lift men into the same consciousness,—in all of these the Unitarian finds revelations of God; and in the inspiration that sometimes comes directly to the devout heart, and sometimes with its warning and condemnation to the sinful soul.

To the Unitarian the thought of the future life fits in with his other religious faith. "Eye hath not seen," cried the apostle, "nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart to conceive, what things God hath prepared for them that love him." So the Unitarian does not picture the coming life in the likeness of the earthly life, with the trouble all left out. He does not picture a hell where lost souls suffer for evermore. The next life is to him simply the natural flowering of this. But what special shape this flowering will take, how can he know? He believes that there the highest aspirations shall find their fruition, that spirits shall somehow live in God. And this means that they shall live the highest life that is possible for each.

In regard to the dear ones who have gone from us, he says with the poet, whose words have been so often on our lips this evening:

> "What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent;
> Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
> Heart's love will meet thee again."

Such, most imperfectly stated, is what I conceive to be the theology of at least most Unitarians. Would that we were more worthy of it!

CONCORD:

AND THOSE WHO HAVE MADE IT FAMOUS.*

The importance of the fife and drum corps is not to be overlooked. It keeps the straggler in line of march even against his will, and puts some life into the monotony of a long campaign. In somewhat the same sense there is a utility in certain public avocations which fill in the gaps between national vocations of a difficulty or importance more commanding. When the times are not such as to try men's souls, people take so much the keener interest in the epochs which tried the souls of their predecessors, and delight in doing honor to their former benefactors and sages. Few subjects in retrospect ever command more enthusiastic attention than the personality and associations of great men. There is nothing regrettable in this fact. The study of environments often throws light upon character, and helps to explain achievements that have theretofore been difficult to comprehend. Only, in literary researches, we sometimes allow the man himself to cast so broad a shadow that we cannot see to read his message. Many a lover of Shakspere, I doubt not, could guide us more intelligently through the by-ways of Stratford-on-Avon than through the mysteries of "Hamlet." Despite the tendency of popular magazine biographies, we have a deeper interest in an author's literary creations than in his literary passions.

I need not dwell upon the natural features of New England at large before alighting, as it were, by chance, upon Concord. I could not be nearly so exact as a railway time-table nor so entertaining as Thoreau.

Upon leaving the train at the Boston & Maine station, the visitor at once commands a broad range of vision, and cannot but be impressed by the romantic beauty which every prospect affords. Concord's four thousand of population are distributed over so wide a territory that well-nigh every house appears like an ancestral homestead set in its own little farm. It is one of those delightful old New England towns, whose long, winding avenues are overarched from end to end with noble elms, and whose broad gravel side paths alone bespeak that silent contempt for the city and its innovations which gives to such communities much of their peculiar charm. Among its wide lowland meadows winds the famous Concord, the canoe path of the Indian and theme of the poet, the Musketaquid, the grass-grown river. The rushes and lily pads have so encroached upon the quiet, deep-flowing stream that, watching from a little distance, it is not always easy to follow its course; and the swift canoes often appear to be skimming along over the land itself, somewhat,

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*Paper read before the Emerson Club of Mount Vernon, N.Y., Oct. 14, 1894.

I should imagine, like the phantom ship of mariners' tales.

My immediate destination was the Old Manse, where, according to previous arrangement I was to meet Mr. George Bradford Bartlett, author of the Concord "Guide Book," and of many literary lectures and poetical writings. In my innocence I selected the only highway which makes directly away from the Manse, and thus accomplished a noble detour before finally discovering it. "No admittance" stares you in the face at every approach. It is very wisely decreed that no sight-seers shall gain entrance here. The good people who at present occupy the most famous building in Concord, however hospitable, reasonably prefer the quiet freedom of a home to the public slavery of a national museum. Mr. Bartlett's canoe house stands upon the bank of the Concord River just behind the Manse, and I reached it only after some stealthy transgression of the law. It was raining, and I was glad to take refuge inside. The owner had started out on a long search for his wandering guest, and for nearly an hour I occupied his den in solitude. But there were compensations here as everywhere. In truth, if a veritable curiosity shop be possible this side the Atlantic, this is the one. The lower section is merely a wall of bowlders, four or five feet high, laid up roughly and without cement. This is surmounted by the upper half of a little old gambrel roof barn, which had been given mine host for this purpose. Not a very munificent donation perhaps; but this barn, let me explain, has historic associations. There is scarcely anything in Concord which has not. There is no glass window, but, instead, an opening high in the gable, provided with a door which you can open or close only by climbing upon a sort of shelf underneath, at the imminent risk of upsetting, perhaps, an oil stove, a tea-pot, or a can of paint. The canoes are slung upon frames along one side. We are independent of chairs. We have a very serviceable nail keg for ourselves, and our guests can take canoe cushions and occupy the floor with more real comfort than our latter day rolling tip-overs can afford. This is a temple which you must needs enter upon bended knee. The door is but four feet high. The walls are liberally decorated with photographs of visitors and friends; and there are various bunches of cards, letters, and announcements impaled upon hooks. A shoe box full of fine stationery feels no shame in the society of a skewer and a broom. A large tin pail forms as good a hat-rack as many I have seen. Upon a volume of Emerson's "Essays" a half empty package of James Pyle's Pearline stood bravely up. Here again, it seems, cleanliness was next to godliness. Outside is a small wharf, bearing a table and a couple of benches, all built of drift timber taken from the river. "When I want a board to repair anything," observed Mr. Bartlett, complacently, "I wait until one comes drifting along, and haul it in." Up in one of the overhanging trees is fixed a rude desk, whereupon many of the builder's lectures and poems have been written. The explanation of all this is simple. Mine host, to use his own words, is a disciple of Thoreau, and attributes his success in life to Thoreau's teachings principally in the line of economy. In early days he was a participant in the famous theatricals presented in an old barn near the home of the Alcotts; and, among other weighty disagreements incident to such enterprises, he recollects certain pitched battles with the authoress then unknown to fame. A personal friend of Emerson, a neighbor of Hawthorne and Thoreau, and with no small literary successes of his own, his chief delight now is, perhaps, in reminiscence and in the kindly distribution of these never-diminished stores for the pleasure of others. His residence—a large mansion surrounded by spacious and finely kept grounds—stands upon the summit of a hill sloping up from Monument Street and continuing back to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

It was my great good fortune, through the kind offices of Mr. Bartlett who had arranged the matter beforehand, to be admitted to the Old Manse. It is at present occupied by Mr. Alexander Pope, a well-known artist; and every facility was given us for a profitable visit. Coming up from the canoe-house, we passed through the old apple orchard set out in Revolutionary times by Rev. Ezra Ripley, one of the best known of the many Concord ministers who have occupied the Manse during its 130 years of existence. It is a large, square, gambrel-roof structure, standing far back

from the road at the end of a long avenue of trees. The windows are legion, each with its little, old-fashioned panes. No latter-day improvements have been allowed to work desecration here. They have let the Manse grow old gracefully, and have not been ashamed to find it getting gray. To the left of the broad hall is the parlor, with the original high and massive fireplace still reaching half way across the further end. Upon the wall is an old-style and somewhat dilapidated oil painting of Rev. William Emerson, first occupant of the Manse, and grandfather of Ralph Waldo, who himself lived here for a short time in later years. The room to the right was used by Hawthorne for a sort of lounging-place and study; and on some of the window glass in the dining-room just behind Mrs. Hawthorne scratched a number of little notes and dates, which are of course as legible now as then. Here the Hawthornes lived in poverty and contentment for some three years. From certain hints in the "Mosses from an Old Manse" it would appear that their life there was enlivened by an irrepressible colony of ghosts. The broad, low parlor was a famous place for sighs and groans and rustling garments, while in the kitchen at dead of night some luckless immortal could be heard noisily employed in the grim and mysterious rites of cookery. But in the morning the unhappy romancer looked about in vain for a breakfast all prepared. I think he must have concluded, as others have, that, on the whole, the most satisfactory spiritual food is the kind you can chew.

Hawthorne often came upon Emerson during these days at the Old Manse. "It was good," he says, "to meet him in the wood-paths or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one, and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. It was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness, new truth being as heady as new wine."

I could not resist playing the Vandal in a small way, even here. I had counted upon bringing away some mosses from the Old Manse; but I was many years too late for that, and had to be content with a bunch of locust leaves from an overhanging tree.

I suppose there are but few people unacquainted with the commendable qualities of the Concord grape. Not all of them perhaps are aware that the fruit takes its name from this historic Massachusetts town. The variety was first cultivated by Mr. E. W. Bull; and the original vine still flourishes upon the old estate at the extreme eastern end of the town, on the Lexington road, along which the British made their famous retreat.

Upon this same road, a little nearer the village, stands the "Wayside," the last home of Hawthorne. Upon the roof is a small, square tower which he caused to be built there, and used for a study. To the rear of the house runs a high ridge covered with pine-trees, and among these trees winds a well-worn path, fully as distinct now as when Hawthorne last trod it. I think I shall always wonder, in reading over the weird fancies he has left us, how many of them first took definite shape during his hours of solitary wandering among these dense and gloomy woods where we followed in his footsteps.

Keeping along the course of this path, we came out at the western foot of the hill near the Alcott home, where lived the Little Men and Women who are now more widely and better known than many a prince or president. A large tree shades the windows of the upper room to the right, where much of Miss Alcott's literary work was done.

The home of Emerson, also upon the Lexington road, is for the most part kept closed, and only occupied at irregular intervals by members of the Emerson family. But I am enabled to describe the interior after a fashion, upon the authority of my host and guide. The study is the first room to the right of the central hall. The furniture and decorations are plain. The book-shelves fill one side of the room only; and in the centre is a large mahogany table, with the books, writing-pad, and pen, just as their owner left them. And, indeed, who wishes to be the first to disturb them? The large parlor on the opposite side, with its crimson hangings and bright hearth fire, is said to

have been a most cheerful and pleasant spot. In it have been entertained nearly all the great contemporary minds of this and foreign lands. Indeed, there were no Pharisaic bounds to the hospitality of this home. Here the townsfolk of Concord were made abundantly welcome by its kindly and genial master, who met them not as the philosopher and poet, but as the pupil who chose to learn his philosophy and poetry from them. Concord loved Emerson, and never was this better attested than in the simple but affecting reception which it gave him upon his last return from Europe, the townspeople, young and old alike, gathering at the station, and accompanying the carriage to his home with songs and every demonstration of welcome. The house, large, square, and plain, is shaded by great chestnut-trees; and to the rear is the large garden in which Emerson delighted to work. Small wonder that he was glad to return from foreign journeyings to this quiet retreat, and to say,—

"Good-by, proud world, I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine."

As we were leaving the house, I said to Mr. Bartlett that I had often wished to encounter one who could tell me from his own knowledge something of the personality of Emerson. This was his reply:—

"In personal appearance he was not a tall man,—slightly stooping,—with a shrewd, genial face, and in conversation an attitude of close attention to whatever any one said to him, as if anxious to get out of it and them all he could. In fact, he often overestimated his townspeople. But he was quick to detect the real worth of things. At a time when Thoreau was totally unknown and unthought of, he told me that a certain writing of Thoreau's would some day be considered a classic; and so it has turned out. I used to walk with him for hours in his woods, and was a constant visitor at his fireside. Socially, he was the most charming of men, always full of generous interest in his fellows. Upon one occasion, when he published a certain volume of his poems, he included one of mine with them; and, when I went to thank him, he said, 'I should have had more poems in that volume, Mr. Bartlett, had I known where to get them.' And this same kindly, delicate tact in his intercourse with those about him was always a characteristic of the man."

And so we came on to the village square. Here stands the Wright Tavern, where Major Pitcairn stopped briefly to celebrate his successful progress, and repassed with unbecoming celerity so soon afterward. There has been practically no alteration made in this ancient inn since that day. A tall obelisk in the centre of the Common is Concord's memorial to those of her own sons who fell in the Civil War. At the dedication of this monument Mr. Emerson delivered the address, under the same great elm where his grandfather spoke to the villagers on the morning of Concord fight, a century before. Facing this is the town hall, a large brick building, wherein many famous orators have been heard and many of Mr. Emerson's lectures delivered.

To commemorate various local events and personages, stone tablets have been placed at many points about the town. One of these is located in front of the Unitarian church, the historic meeting-house of Concord. The society was organized at Cambridge some sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and has ever since been the principal religious body of the community. The tablet briefly records the fact that here met the first Provincial Congress of delegates from the towns of Massachusetts, in 1774, with John Hancock as president,—a gathering which by its measures prepared the way for the war of the Revolution.

Another tablet, on Lowell Street, marks the spot where the first white settlers made a bargain with the local tribe of Indians for the purchase of the six miles square called Concord. This Indian tribe was under the leadership of the Squaw Sachem Tahattawan, and there is a certain humorous verse presenting a picture of the daily avocations even of this august chieftainess, which the zealous upholder of the rights of woman in our day will view, it may be, with doubtful satisfaction:—

"The woman's right to labor to her was not denied,
The good man smoked the pipe of peace: a helpmeet was his bride.
She built the lodge and cooked the food, and brought the wood and water,
And patiently did all the work, as every woman oughter."

Overlooking the square from the east is the Old Hill Burying-ground. Emerson's grandfather is buried here, and likewise many Revolutionary patriots who were prominent in the Concord fight. In this cemetery, also, is the grave of the negro slave, John Jack, whose life story is told in a curious and pathetic epitaph,—a striking commentary on the anachronism of human bondage in a land of freedom: —

God wills us free, man wills us slaves,
I will as God wills; God's will be done.
Here lies the body of
JOHN JACK
A native of Africa, who died
March, 1773, aged about sixty years.
Though born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Though he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave:
Till by his honest though stolen labor
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom:
Though not long before
Death the grand tyrant
Gave him his final emancipation
And put him on a footing with kings.
Though a slave to vice
He practiced those virtues
Without which kings are but slaves.

In the midst of all this even, we found time for a bit of lunch. Seated upon the floor of the little canoe house, we disposed of half a watermelon and a bag of hot buns, sounding the praises meanwhile of Thoreau, the hero of Walden, the nomadic apostle of economy, the man who lived eight months upon bean soup.

Whoever can recall anything of school-day struggles with American history will know the story of the opening battle of the Revolution, the fight at Concord Bridge, where the minute-men made their first determined stand and the invaders began their inglorious flight to Boston. From the north windows of the Old Manse, on the morning of that famous 19th of April, the members of the village minister's family watched the battle close at hand. The original bridge has been washed away, and the main highway no longer follows that course. On the east bank stands the battle monument, and just across the stream a statue of a minute-man, as nearly as possible upon the spot where the first Americans fell. Beside a stone wall, on the east side, are the graves of the two nameless British soldiers, whose unhappy fate so excited the imaginative curiosity of Hawthorne.

The Massachusetts State Reformatory, one of the best managed institutions of the kind in the country, is located just beyond Concord. "I once told Felix Adler," observed Mr. Bartlett, "that I could remember at least one lecture of mine during which not a single person in my audience left the building." "Well," replied Mr. Adler, "I do not believe I can recall in my lecturing experiences but one case of a similar kind, either." "My audience, though," explained the Concord man, "was in the Massachusetts State Prison." "And mine," rejoined Adler, "was in the Elmira Reformatory."

One of the first spots which we visited that day is the last I am to describe. To the student and lover of literature Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord is a point of interest second to but few in this country. It is not so very old, not more than forty years; and, within the easy recollection of my guide, the natural depression in the centre which gives the place its name was a cornfield. Here, on the crest of the surrounding ridge, we came first upon the grave of the foremost figure among American writers of fiction and romance. Simple, unobtrusive, recluse,—the location and markings of this spot are symbolic of the man. There is no imposing monument; nothing but a plain stone slab bearing the one word "Hawthorne." What more is needed?

Nearly opposite lies buried the hermit naturalist and philosopher, the prose-poet, Henry D. Thoreau, in the very heart of the regions which he immortalized and which in turn immortalized him.

Further on is a little group of low marble blocks bearing upon them only initials, "A. B. A.," "L. M. A.," and so on. These are the graves of the author teacher, A. Bronson Alcott, and his family, among them the gifted daughter whose stories have had so wide and just a popularity in two continents.

Lastly we stopped before the grave of Emerson. It lies upon the brow of a little eminence, beneath the shadow of a great pine, and is marked by a rough, unhewn bowlder of quartz, sunk as deep into the earth as it rises above. Upon the face of this rock is a small bronze tablet bearing the name

and two short lines from his own poem; and, were they volumes, they would not form a truer or more comprehensive biography.

"The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

The boy for whom the poem "Threnody" is Emerson's beautiful and pathetic lament lies buried close beside.

"Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

Though it may be to the interest or liking of some to deny it, I think I may not unreasonably assert that Ralph Waldo Emerson's system of philosophy is worthy of universal respect, of the most careful study, and of practical application.

In all ages there have been those who like him have borne the name of a visionary, borne it perhaps because in each case that vision was keener and truer than the common vision of their times. I have heard that Emerson is "dangerous," because, it may be, in looking for the truth, he declined to wear blue glasses. It would be sad indeed to think that all knowledge of every class has been finally ascertained, indexed, and stored away, and that it would be safer and better for the ages to come if the present race could be wiped out with another deluge, and man created over again with brains left out. It may be that the Emersonianism of the present will be the Calvinism of a future day. There may be found in the philosophy of this remarkable man ideals of life and character whose truth and beauty we cannot but recognize, and which it were not well to decry because their full realization may seem to belong in large part to a future time.

Emerson is not a maker of proverbs and doctrines. His essays are not indexed lists of proprietary remedies for mental and moral ills. Theirs is a broader utility. The theologian of Geneva would have us totally depraved; but the sage of Concord proclaims the dignity of the human mind, and the immense superiority of conclusions arrived at through the independent exercise of our own proper faculties to any manufactured for us by systems of authority whose process is to command and not to convince.

Under the leadership of such a mind we are forever following, and never anticipating, forever exchanging self-contempt for self-respect, forever abandoning some worn out petty notion for a broader, higher vision. Because such minds have been, and may yet be, we find it easier to believe with Tennyson that the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

H. HAYES ROBBINS.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

All heavenly is the earth to-day,
And trembling with a child's delight:
The angels round about us stay,
And sing their joy the live-long night.
"Good-will to men," they oft repeat,
"And glory to our God above!"
Oh! in our hearts such song is sweet,—
Creation's melody of love!

We are as kind as man may be,
Like spirits freed from bonds of clay;
In love's own light all souls we see,
Such is the charm of Christmas day.
"Good-will to men," we all repeat,
"And perfect praise to God above!"
Oh! earth, like heaven, is pure and sweet
The day it sings the song of love!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

MERIT RECOVERY.

Upwards of forty-five years ago, in the State of New York, the head physician of a curative establishment, of which I was an inmate, decided that possibly I might live six weeks. He did not think I could live longer.

Within an hour thereafter the consulting physician of the establishment, who was a special friend of mine,—an awkward, absent-minded, introverted, yet keen-sighted and original man,—called at my room, when I informed him of what Dr. T. had just said, and inquired if he concurred in that opinion. Whereupon he slowly ran his left hand through his long, coarse, shaggy locks, then, with a far-away look, pulled his enor-

mous mustache. Then, as was his wont when considering an important question, he twisted his huge nose, and finally blurted out his reply: "My opinion as to the length of your life is absolutely valueless, as many a man whose recovery is confidently expected dies off-hand, and many another whose death is anticipated from hour to hour lives many years. But *merit* recovery, and see what that will do for you." "*Merit recovery!*"

The instant those two pregnant words dropped from the lips of my friend I seemed to be another man, and in a new world. For some weeks I had been sitting in my room, waiting, *waiting*, WAITING to be *cured*. Had not the institution in which I was been widely advertised as a curative establishment? Had not its proprietor proclaimed his skill in treating cases that other physicians had "given up"? Was it not the business of a doctor to cure people? Did not the well-educated physician of large experience carry in his pill-bags the health of the community? What had I to do with my recovery? I had come to that establishment, and every week was paying a good round sum to be "cured." And yet, in the midst of these and kindred ideas, which then constituted far more than they now do a general theory of health and sickness, life and death, into my ears two words had been incidentally dropped which produced an instantaneous revolution in my mind. "*Merit recovery!*" Like a flash I saw the point, which meant that I could do much to facilitate my restoration to health,—that, if I did not recover, it might be largely or wholly my own fault. It meant that, to a great extent, my physical condition was in my own keeping; and, in less time than I am taking to write about it, visions of pure air and pure water, wholesome food and proper exercise, sweet sleep, a contented mind, habitual hopefulness, and belief in health as the normal human condition,—in short, nature's means and methods of recuperation,—flashed across my mind, and particularly as during my incarceration there I had read somewhat in regard to hygiene and health,—a subject not then so well understood as it is to-day. In three minutes I decided to change my dietetic and other habits, to abstain *absolutely* from everything injurious, to take to the open air, to live simply, naturally, and according to law, which is frequently the truest gospel,—in short, to "*merit recovery*"; and within three months I was again in my pulpit.

That was almost a half-century ago, and from that time on till I had earned my discharge I did the work that usually falls to a robust man. And the two words which radically changed my bodily condition and, subsequently, the whole tenor of my life—the two words whose meaning was amplified from year to year, whose central thought I found susceptible of wide and varied application—have furnished incentive, as at first I did not dream to be possible. Indeed, those two words ultimately eliminated from my thought and life all idea of the fortuitous,—brought to the front in all of my calculations the grand law of cause and effect; in my relations with men and affairs, induced me to look for sub-connections and secondary causes; and, finally riveted in my mind the conviction that, in the main, I could confidently expect to be dealt with on the square, that I should have about what I merited,—not much more, not much less.

In this connection I shall not pause to say whether or not there is in life a contingent element. There is something that, on the surface and under peculiar circumstances, looks a little like it. And yet, independent of cause and effect, did an event ever happen to a human being? Indeed, the word "*luck*" has dropped out of our vocabulary, because the idea which it expresses has been eliminated from our minds.

At once I began to reason as follows: "If I may *merit recovery* from a very threatening illness, I may also merit numerous *other* great and good things. And, if as inestimable a blessing as bodily health will come to me on the sole condition that it is *merited*, may not that be the precise and invariable condition on which the richest good that falls to our lot is to be won? Soon I recalled the facts that, as a student in school, and later as a schoolmaster, managing great, rough boys, and boarding round; and, later still, in a business position, where insight, promptness, and agility were factors of success; or felling a forest, preliminary to making a farm; and subsequently, as a country minister, working on my sermons, in my pulpit, and among my people; or ploughing, planting, and hoeing my garden;

caring for my pig, my horse, and my chickens,—indeed, attempting anything in whatever line of toil, my achievements were determined by my merits. Not that any one renders a full equivalent for all the good that comes to him. Even if I merited the recovery of my health, I did not pay all that it was worth to me. That would have been impossible. And yet I paid the full price, complied with the conditions, received only that for which I bargained. In trading with men or dealing with nature, the only object is to profit by the transaction. With this understanding, and excepting the mishaps against which fallibility cannot always guard, we may calculate that the world will deal honorably, even generously, with us,—reward our "merit," and a little more, as he who learns that it is far better to *deserve* what he gets than to trust to luck is often amazed by the munificent compensation for his toil.

And yet we must admit that on the lower levels there are cases in which fraud is temporarily successful,—successful as the word is commonly used; and, consequently, there are cases in which, on the *lower levels*, merit is not rewarded. But the instances are much fewer than we are wont to imagine. And, despite all such cases, the hope of the world—the *only reasonable* hope of the world—is in the exact and indissoluble relation of one thing to another,—the open, honest, persistent manipulation of causes which are the guarantee of specific results. Could we gather grapes of thorns, could we dissolve the relation between cause and effect, universal ruin would ensue. Were this fact understood, were its sub-connections clearly seen, it would change the condition of our surging, human world.

Yesterday I saw the streets of a large town crowded with men, women, and children who were waiting for a circus. In the loss of wages that might have been earned, and in general expenditures that promoted no human interest, many thousands of dollars were wasted by people whose appearances indicated that they needed every nickel they could honestly get. And next winter, when work is not abundant and money is scarce, and bread and clothing and fuel are greatly needed, many who made up the throngs of yesterday will complain of this "cold and heartless world," and repine at the unequal distribution of the blessings of life.

But, looking at the circus as an illustration of one very large phase of human experience, do a great number of complainers and actual sufferers "*merit*" more or better than they receive? Is there permanent, or even possible, relief for a large class who complain bitterly till they learn that, *literally*, the great majority are fairly dealt with,—receive their deserts? The saloon—the curse of the world—is almost exclusively patronized by those who sadly need their money for other purposes. Many a man in sore destitution for the last two years would now be in comfortable circumstances, had he used his early opportunities and his first accumulations as the wealthy men, against whom he rails and raves, used theirs.

One of the present millionaires of New York began his business career in that city as a retail grocer, and, after he had been recognized as one of the financial powers of the great metropolis, he told me that he could have put in a two-bushel basket the entire stock of goods with which he started; and he declared that, as the result of his critical observation and varied and protracted experience, he knew that the chief reason why great business success is so infrequent is the unwillingness of men to pay the enormous price of it. He also stated that the only possible reason why, here and there, men could succeed on an enormous scale was that the great majority, through all their early years, were entirely content to do but very poorly. "Increase among the masses," said he, "the determination to succeed, willingness to pay for success, and at once you greatly reduce the possibility of amassing fortunes." Is not that common sense?

This is by no means saying that there are no economic or industrial abuses to be corrected, that the relations between capital and labor should not be determined by law. It is only saying that, despite those abuses, and ramifying all human affairs, there is a grand principle of compensation,—a balancing of equivalents that may still be trusted; and that he who, irrespective of that law, looks to legislation, arbitration, luck, or a disregard of cause and consequence to set him right with the world, and diminish the necessity for his looking out for himself,

is trusting a broken reed. If we "merit" health, physical comfort, fair business prosperity, an honorable place among men, true self-respect, *any* human good, we shall discover an element of justice that will be an agreeable surprise, a perpetual inspiration.

Up to this point no reasonable person can dissent from a thought advanced. The case is too clear, the general conclusion too self-evident.

But here we approach a line beyond which we are told that the grand rule charged with our *material* well-being is utterly reversed. We reach a condition, and deal with vast interests, in connection with which the less we merit, the better. The great lessons learned in the other departments of life are here of no avail. The more unworthy we feel, and acknowledge ourselves to be, the more desirable our condition, the brighter our prospects. To try to "merit" anything good is to make it absolutely certain that we shall not get it.

To acknowledge before God and man that we deserve *nothing—actually* to deserve nothing but punishment—is the surest way of getting the best that Heaven can give. It is hardly necessary to say that only in connection with religion would people tolerate such utter nonsense; nor to add that the great emphasis which, in sermon, hymn, and prayer, is laid upon a deep sense of personal demerit, as the condition of securing the favor of God, clearly conduces very strongly to a low standard of conduct and character. To the theology of the day—the popular definition and administration of religion—is obviously attributable, in a very great measure, the obtuse moral sense which is creating universal alarm. People can hardly be expected so to live that they can respect themselves, and be worthy of the respect and confidence of others, if they deeply feel that, in approaching God and preparing for heaven, the first preliminary is that they shall *utterly condemn* themselves. But obsequiousness is no part of true reverence. Self-contempt is not an element of genuine humility. Self-distrust exposes to every temptation, and is a just ground for the distrust of others. It is a barrier to efficiency and progress.

Could a son so honor a worthy father as earnestly, everywhere, and in all things to aim to be worthy of his absolute confidence, would not a sensible man be proud of such a son, even though he were not, and was not expected to be, absolutely perfect? And is not every principle involved in the case equally obvious in our relations to God? And yet the popular religion presumes to tell us that no man can afford to stand by his record; indeed, that the chief object of religion is to cancel the individual record, and provide a substitute for merit. Forgiveness obliterates all discredit marks; and, therefore, in all of our religious services, and in our oft-repeated and openly confessed shortcomings, it is the one conspicuous idea. And, as a consequence, it is acknowledged to be in continual requisition, as, under that régime, the personal standard is inevitably low, because that conception of life is itself demoralizing. A school where merit is disregarded, and the chief object is, by hook or by crook, to "pass," turns out no scholars, and is shunned by the laudably ambitious. When high office in the British army and navy was openly bought for the sons of the wealthy, without regard to their qualifications or personal deserts, incompetency in positions of vast responsibility became so alarming that merit was found to be the only safe ground for promotion.

All the higher experiences of a soul are on its own exact level,—the efflux of its own nature. The finest instrument ever made creates no music. It only voices what was in the mind of its Maker, and wakes only that which is sleeping in the heart of the listener. Neither nature nor art creates any sense of the beautiful: it only stimulates it. In these and all kindred matters we touch the many-sided world on the exact level of our personality. And neither on earth nor in heaven can there possibly be an exception to this law, as it is a principle essential to our very being. And it shows how empty and meaningless may be a "Hallelujah," how potential and far-reaching a thought, a deed, or a grand aspiration. It shows that the common idea that grovelling, benighted, embryonic souls, immediately on leaving this world, may enter upon a life altogether above and beyond their personal rank or grade, is utterly fallacious. "Every man in his own order." "One star differeth from another star in glory." There, as here, growth and quality determine everything in human experience.

In a family of children the personal standard is very, very different from what it is in the United States Senate. A child may, therefore, be most meritorious as a child, though a bishop, on the same personal level, would excite our intense pity or indignation. Therefore, circumstances may determine individual merit; but without it one can have no rightful or legitimate place in this world or any other.—*Rev. Eli Fay, D.D., in the Pacific Unitarian.*

DAILY SACRIFICE.

The newspaper Sermon Association are publishing short sermons in the Sunday papers simultaneously in all the large cities of the Union. The following extracts are from the sermon by Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, published November 10:—

I dare not write in loud, swelling words about the duty of self-sacrifice: I cannot embroider so difficult a fact with any rhetoric. Sometimes, indeed, a man's heart is full of confidence and joy as he looks up into the face of God. Then no phrases are too splendid to paint his delight in life. But the daily self-denial, the constant gift of ourselves to God, the purification of the heart,—no man can talk easily and lightly of that. It is harder than physical energy, harder than intellectual work, harder to face than death itself.

Let us consider, then, soberly and quietly, what self-denial really means in the life we have all of us to live. What is it to take up our cross daily and follow God? It is to know what our weak points are, to fasten our attention upon them, to do what we can to overcome them. There is, for instance, the haunting habit of indolence. Few of us are so unfortunate as not to be compelled to work for our livelihood: the world asks, indeed, labor from most of us as a condition of being allowed to live. But there is all the difference between tasks done with an eye on the clock and tasks done with all our being in them. It is only the last, however, that please ourselves wholly, and so have a chance, perhaps, of partly pleasing others. I know how hard it is for some of us thus to press our nature into the labors of the day. Sometimes our place does not suit us, sometimes the zest has gone out of us, sometimes the material itself seems hopelessly obstinate. How often does his desk, his machine, his counter, loom up before a man's eye like a dark and heavy cross! Now there is where the chance for indolence comes in, there is where the great tempter stands by our side. But there, also, is where God's lonely call for perseverance strikes upon the soul, and the chance for self-denial hails us like a friend from some passing ship on the ocean of life. I say God calls us, then. Do you think he only calls us? Nay! He helps us: he himself, incarnate in our being, helps us.

I remember the story of the Dutch mathematician who for many months had tried long and wearily to solve his problem. Then, one night, in a dream the solution flashed like an inspiration into his mind. So it is often with ourselves. The steadfast, inexorable resolve to overcome indolence does triumph at length. God hears our dumb prayer: he helps us almost unconsciously toward himself. Unseen of us, the body accommodates itself more easily to the weary task; invisibly, the brain responds more clearly and firmly, like a furrow, to the ploughing thought; step by step, the man's being enters more fully and powerfully into what he does. What is that but the prayer for self-sacrifice made into our flesh and blood? What is that but the word of God coming to dwell in our hearts? What is that but God himself incarnate within us?

THE OPEN VISION.

From a discourse delivered by Rev. George H. Hosmer of Neponset, and reported in the Dorchester *Beacon*, we quote as follows:—

We need, in this day of realism in literature and realism in art, to revive a realism of spiritual quantity and quality.

Interesting and thrilling as nature and human life are made to appear from our surface observation, there are hidden fountains and springs from which nature and life proceed more vital.

There are those who absorb us by a living touch with nature, like a Burroughs; there are others who bring nature to us on the canvas; there are others who picture life in living presentiment in story or play. We may be charmed or startled by sweet

or by ugly counterparts. We are indebted to these modern sight-seers for giving us true images of nature and of life,—a prose poem of Burroughs on birds, a canvas of Turner's, a play of Ibsen's. These may be of absorbing interest: through their eyes we see a new world and life as it is. But we need as much and more the spiritual seer, who looks still deeper, and who can out of his vision bring to light the power within to see God who is behind all the life and ongoing of the universe.

The spiritual seer knows that man can talk with God, and that God talks with man; and into these silences no one may enter to disturb the harmony. The seer knows that within us are deathless qualities which make us one with the Invisible and Eternal.

The source of Jesus' strength, that which made him so supremely the lover and helper of men, was his full fellowship with God. The night-vigil invited to silent communion, the pouring out of his heart. Who can tell how these seasons of spiritual refreshment filled him with power to speak and act, to do and suffer, to be, hold triumph in defeat? Because he went inward to God, he had power to go outward to God. He was not different from us save in degree.

It is in our power to see God as he saw him, to feel God as he felt him, to know God as he knew him. He was a seer of natural objects, full of cultivated sense-perceptions. His teachings are full of interpretations of God's movements in nature. He was a seer, too, of the Spirit, the source of all. Not less real to him were the lilies of the field, and the sparrows and the foxes, and the waving grain fields and the beautiful Gennesaret, than the sure consciousness of God, invisible to the senses, but most present to his heart and soul. Every one must have a vision, an outlook leading out of personal boundaries.

This practical age scoffs at the dreamers who see ideals in common things. But by that attitude of scornful rejection it clips its wings, and grovels where it might fly. All history makes known that it is the men of vision who have lifted the world and carried it forward.

Lincoln, in the stress of fratricidal war, proclaimed this to be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and with noble spirit uttered the Christ-like sentiment, "with malice to none, with charity to all." So do the pages of history glow with the names of leaders and statesmen who looked afar at the invisible ideals, and "guided the nations groping in disastrous night, yet hoping ever for the perfect day."

Not less does the world need men and women of vision. Not less does it have them,—those who see through the surface to the inner core of things, who discern the right in a perplexing maze of contending interests, who witness to God and his presence, of truth and its authority, of justice and its vindication. We see unfolding an endless vista of plans and purposes, by which the life of man ascends, slowly, it may be, but surely, to righteousness, holiness, and love.

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

Mrs. Browning wrote:—

"Put two clocks, they say, wound up to different hours,
Upon one shelf, and slowly,
Through the interior wheels of each,
The blind, mechanic motion sets itself a-throb
To feel out for the mutual time."

Reading the reports of their trip to Boston made by the Christian Endeavorers on their return to Chicago, one recalls Zola's description of the condition and progress of pilgrims from Paris to the shrine, and the Virgin in the Grotto at Lourdes, on one of the annual excursion trains. The similarity and the difference between these journeys undertaken with religious purpose are well summed up in the words used in speaking of them. The noisy, buoyant, pushing "trip" has its counterpart in the patient, suffering, devout "pilgrimage," as bass is counterpart to treble. Both are evidences of faith. One developed through sickness of the body,—a body perhaps incurably diseased, often with distorted limbs, or borne down with disappointments which make sick the soul; a faith which grows the more the body starves. The other, more vaguely believing, boldly trusting in self, is vigorous, cheerful, confident in its ability, if need be, to take heaven by violence.

One is overwhelmed with pity by Zola's vivid account of those days and nights of patient, hopeful misery which made heavy that train of half-dead pilgrims hurrying toward the health-giving shrine,—misery sustained by an undoubting trust that at the end of the crucifying journey the blessed Virgin will cure all their ills, not in an unknown life to come, but now and for the remainder of their days on earth.

There is something sublime in trust like this which should make even unbelievers rejoice that such uplifting sentiment still has power with man. It is the glory of a Church which can nourish this strong faith, if it come through ignorance: then, with the Church's help, ignorance can develop qualities which shame intelligence.

The saintly Sister, standing in the aisle of the crowded, roaring car, claps her thin hands, and calls, at the ritual's stated hours of day or night, her pain-worn children, men and women in years, children in trustful reliance, to Paters, Aves, the Angelus, to the singing of Canticles. The various offices are food to their souls, the bread of life to their fainting bodies, sustaining help which shall bring them alive to the Grotto's healing spring.

Variant to all this is the "trip" of the jolly Endeavorers. One of these starts a song of religious import to the tune of "Marching through Georgia." Car after car is soon lustily ringing with the Christian soldier song, until for a thousand miles, like a banner of victory, it floats over the land as they go merrily on. White tents of a day welcome them at the journey's end, where preaching, prayer, and choral praise entertain the hosts centred there from the four quarters of our land. And they, too, seek a shrine, not a mystery or a miracle, but the cradle and the grave of patriots.

In another land, speaking a foreign tongue, with solemn dignity moves the pilgrim band. Crucifix, banner, incense, stoled priest, moving toward the Grotto, attend the helpless borne on litters, wheeled in chairs, or supported by friendly hands on their painful way to shrine and spring where new life awaits them.

On the surface strongly opposing seem the conditions in which we have sought similitude.

Though one be mediæval, the other of to-day, one for self, the other humanitarian, a phase of social evolution, yet, all emanating from the great soul centre of our race, they must touch at many points. From this thought springs the hope that human sympathy and human love, feeling out for the "mutual time," shall some day bring all churches and their flocks to Christian unity. *

THE OUTLOOK FOR CHRISTIAN UNION.

We Unitarians are a section of the great army of the earnest men and women who are consecrated to the work of building up the kingdom of God in this country.

Whatever differences of theological opinion may seem to divide us from the churches of the old faith, and however suspiciously our work may be regarded, and however our claims to a share in the Christian discipleship may be disallowed by the more conservative elements in these churches, it is certain that in its main results our work is the same. It is only, as Dr. Hale would say, a question of the amount of theological baggage we try to carry along with us in our Christian campaign. We are part of a larger Christianity, whose interests, whose failures, whose triumphs, whose aims and hopes, we cannot but regard with the keenest interest and sympathy. The movement among prominent leaders of several of the great orthodox denominations, looking toward a better co-operation of their forces in the great work of Christianizing this country, is therefore one that must arouse the liveliest emotions of hope and anticipation of its ultimate outcome in the mind of every earnest liberal.

There is a growing conviction among the most thoughtful people in every denomination that one of the chief sources of the weakness and of the comparative failure of organized Christianity to achieve the great work that lies before it in this country to-day is the unfortunate divisions of Christendom itself, the multitude of petty sects into which the church of God is broken up.

The origins of Christian sectarianism is a subject apart from the aim of this paper, and can be touched upon only in its relation to our main theme. In his delightfully fresh and able paper in the September

number of the *New World* Dr. Ecob points out the fact that the sects of Christendom are organized around "some speculative notion or system of notions." He very finely says: "It, the denomination, is a body of Christian believers who are organized, not around the principles of the common Christian life, but around an accident in their history." "They draw their life from the common spring, but the principle of immediate organization is aside from that of the common life, and may be entirely foreign or even hostile to it." But one may be allowed to go even farther back than "the accident in Christian history," or "the idiosyncrasy of speculation," or "stigma of temperament" of which Dr. Ecob speaks, and point out that each of these causes of sectarian origin rests ultimately upon some difference of belief regarding the teaching of the Bible. All the sects of Christendom regard, or at one time regarded, the Bible as the supreme authority, as the one infallible source of divine truth. The ultimate appeal of all sects has ever been to the authority of the Book Divisions there have been on questions of church government and polity, but even these divisions rested for the authority of their special forms upon Bible precedent. Roman Catholic writers have frequently called attention to the weakness of Protestant sectarianism, to the grotesque and extravagant features that it has sometimes displayed, and have urged that this is one of the evil results of placing the Bible in the hands of the uneducated masses, teaching them that it was an infallible guide in matters of doctrine, while at the same time no infallible method of interpreting its teachings was provided. There can be no question that the most grotesque and irrational and superstitious sects have grown up around some grossly literal and wooden interpretation of Bible texts. This fact, taken in connection with the splendid work that is being done by the best scholarship of our time for the better understanding of the real meaning and value of the Bible, may suggest to our minds one very important factor in the final solution of the problem of Christian union. The wide-spread superstition about the Bible is one of these serious difficulties in any effort for the unification of the forces of sectarianism.

But this is not the only element in the problem; nor is it, perhaps, the most difficult. Dr. Ecob has forcibly presented the evil results of the narrow sectarian methods of teaching followed in most of the denominational theological seminaries. Those of us who have passed through these schools know how sadly accurate is the picture he has drawn.

We must add to these causes of sectarian exclusiveness, and the firmness with which it holds its grip in large sections of our country, the influence of the great hierarchies that have grown up within the pale of organized Christianity, the centralization of ecclesiastical power and influence in the hands of a relatively small body of men, sometimes wofully narrow-minded men, "who love to have the pre-eminence," and who practically wield the vast denominational machineries, and shape the action of the denominations over which they rule. The existence of this hierarchical denomination is the most powerful and stubborn obstacle to any movement toward "Christian union."

And yet hope springs immortal in the breast of the reformer; and there are signs and omens, if not of an actual organic union of the churches of Christendom, yet of a more rational and vital co-operation among the denominational forces.

Let us look at a few of the "signs of the times" that point in this direction. Foremost among these signs we may point to the great Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair in Chicago. While it is possible to overrate the practical outcome of this notable event, yet it was a wonderful revelation of the change of sentiment and attitude toward each other that has come over the sects of Christendom (to say nothing of other religions) within the past half-century. Only in this generation could such an assembly have convened. Fifty years ago it would have been impossible. The various sects of Christendom were too bitterly hostile to each other to permit of such friendly interchange of views. Each sect thought that it, and it alone, represented true Christianity. A Baptist and a Methodist Church would no more have united in a religious service than oil and water could be made to mingle. In proof of this statement, one need only refer to the

biography of Peter Cartwright, the Methodist backwoods preacher, whose antipathy to a Baptist was only less than his hatred of the devil. As for one of these sects, or any orthodox sect, holding any religious fellowship with a Unitarian or Universalist, such a thing was not within the limits of possibility.

The religious sect with which I was associated in my boyhood used a hymn-book in which these lines occur: —

"The Unitarian fiend expel,
And drive his doctrines back to hell."

The hymn containing these lines has happily been excluded from the revised edition of this hymn-book; but it is a good index to the feelings toward Unitarianism that existed half a century ago in all evangelical churches.

The fact is that people of all denominations are beginning to know each other much better than they formerly did. They are coming to see that God has not given a monopoly of truth or goodness to any denomination.

Ignorant and blind prejudice has had a great deal to do with keeping people hidebound in their own little sets of religious ideas.

Another, and undoubtedly a very powerful, influence that has been preparing the way for a closer union of the churches of Christendom is the movement that was apparent for several years, sometimes silently, but none the less surely, for the simplifying of church creeds. The tendency, more or less felt all over Protestant Christendom to-day, is to get back to the grand principles of divine love and human brotherhood, as taught and lived by Jesus of Nazareth, to lay the main emphasis upon the great facts of the common religious and moral experience of men, as the tests of Christian discipleship, instead of emphasizing and insisting upon the acceptance of the elaborate metaphysical creeds that have, from age to age, been substituted for the religion of Jesus.

Then, again, the larger and more natural method of interpreting the Bible that the more scholarly criticism of its books is producing among the more thoughtful in all churches has had much to do in producing the spirit of tolerance and brotherhood.

Men no longer seek to build new sects upon a few isolated texts from the Bible.

The Bible is no longer regarded by the more intelligent as a book of dogmas, or a store-house of projectiles to be hurled at the heads of theological opponents. People are finding out that the Bible is rather a text-book of righteousness and devotion than a manual of dogmatic theology. There can be no doubt that this fact alone is doing a vast deal to break down the walls of sectarian narrowness; and, moreover, it is an influence that is bound to grow more and more.

Another very important factor in promoting the spirit of union among the various sects is the manifest demand for fellowship and co-operation on the part of a large and growing number of the best people in every community.

As a rule, the average man or woman neither knows nor cares very much about the fine doctrinal points that occupy the minds of the learned doctors of divinity. The best men and women everywhere are anxious to co-operate with their fellow-men in doing all they can to make this human life of ours sweeter and better than it is right here in this world.

The average man cares more for character than he does for creed. In this respect the people are far ahead of their ministers. In this matter the custodians of theology seem destined to follow rather than lead the people.

As Prof. Max Müller finely remarked: "If it is impossible to prevent theologians from quarrelling, or popes, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, and ministers from pronouncing their anathemas, the true people of God, the universal laity, have surely a higher duty to fulfil. Their religion, whether formulated by Buddha, Mohammed, or Christ, is before all things practical, a religion of love and trust, not of hatred and excommunication."

It is not to ecclesiastical councils, or the construction of "quadrilateral" agreements among theologians, that we must look for the cure of the evils of sectarianism, but to the shrewd common sense of an enlightened American laity, that will not tolerate forever the foolish and almost criminal waste that is involved in some of the features of our present sectarian divisions.

Such, in brief, are some of the influences that are producing a strong desire on the part of a great multitude of the Christian people of this country for a more rational union and co-operation among the churches.

To the Unitarian this growing spirit of union among the people, that has found expression in several schemes for church union that have recently been proposed at conferences of leading men from several of the great denominations, cannot but be a matter of genuine satisfaction.

From our liberal point of view, it seems exceedingly wasteful, if not wicked, for four or five small and feeble churches, that differ from each other only in the most trivial and unessential details of doctrine, to waste the resources of these Christian communities in wretched struggles to keep themselves barely afloat, when they might, by an exercise of mutual tolerance of minor opinions, unite their efforts and resources in such a way as to display the real strength of the Christian life and sentiment of the community, and present such a magnificent front to the forces of evil and indifference as would challenge the respect of the unbeliever and command the allegiance of the indifferent.

Is this a Utopian dream or is it the vision of an ideal that will yet be fulfilled? We believe it to be the latter, because we believe in the overruling and guiding hand of the all-wise God in shaping the affairs of men. But even higher than this vision of a united and rationally co-operant Orthodoxy must be our ideal of the ultimate union of Christendom. The most liberal schemes that have been drafted at the recent conferences on church union have proposed as the basis of agreement schemes of theological belief that would exclude from such union an immense number of sincere and earnest Christian people in the orthodox churches themselves, not to speak of the large and growing body of liberal Christians of every shade. Speaking of the significance of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, Prof. Max Müller says, "I believe it would have been possible, even at Chicago, to draw up a small number of articles of faith to which all who were present could have honestly subscribed." And in the same paper he says: "Let theologians pile up volume upon volume of what they call theology. Religion is a very simple matter, and that which is so simple and yet so all-important to us—the living kernel of religion—can be found, I believe, in almost every creed." It is upon this living kernel that men must unite, not upon the husks of theological dogma.

May we not as Unitarians or as liberal Christians appeal to the Christian world to-day as to whether we have not found the very statement that it is in need of,—a simple verbal expression of the everlasting ethical and spiritual verities that are native to the soul of man in all ages and in every land; the essential and abiding thing not only in the religion of Jesus, but in all religions,—"*love* to God and love to man"?

W. H. RAMSAY.

Farmington, Me.

INSTALLING A MINISTER.

The following eloquent address was delivered by Mr. N. M. Brigham, president of the Unitarian Society at Salt Lake City, on the occasion of the installation of Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson: —

It is a pleasure to speak from the vantage-ground of the layman, although as a matter of fact, in a society so entirely catholic in its tendencies, there can be but little difference between the layman and the pastor in point of liberty of speech and action.

Our brief purpose is to set forth as clearly as may be the needs and hopes of this society as embodied in the present conditions.

As a society, we were fortunate in our beginnings. There seemed to be in this young city a broad and fruitful field for liberal thought; and the wise men of the East sent us a man of ripe experience, thoughtful, logical, and devout. Liberalism in the East differs materially from that in the West. In the East the lines are more or less firmly drawn. Here we are less conservative. Men and women coming to the West sever themselves completely from the old theological moorings, take on a broader range of vision, and, for a while at least, are adrift on the religious sea. Under such conditions there is need of the strong and steady hand of a practical pilot. Such a pilot we found in Dr. Utter. Though bound to him by the strongest

ties of personal devotion and esteem, I can say, without fear of contradiction, that to his steady hand, to his courage, his ability, his devotion, and to his skilful piloting we owe the successful launching of the liberal ship. If during the incumbency of Mr. Hunter we seemed to go into the dry dock for a while, it was for the sole purpose of much needed repairs. We are now again successfully launched under a pilot who will prove our ship to be a veritable "Defender."

We are the pioneers of the liberal movement in this great inter-mountain region. Our position is unique. Our opportunities are unrivalled. Speaking for myself, I believe that we shall sooner or later, in common with Unitarians the country over, feel the need of a stronger denominational bond. Societies founded on the basis of ethical culture alone have never been permanently successful. As liberals, we resent any taint of ecclesiasticism; but, if we are to cope successfully with other church bodies, we must adopt their methods and their zeal. We must not be afraid to possess the missionary spirit, for only thus can we hope to understand the needs of the community in which we live. . . .

It is the proud boast of the Unitarian societies in the East that they strive for what is best and highest in the life of the citizen and the nation. Within their ranks are many men who represent the highest types of civic virtue. If they have lowered the banner of superstition, they have raised the banner on which is written, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion."

Channing, Parker, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were all quiet, gentle men. They preferred the paths of peace; but when truth was attacked, when men were oppressed, when men and their country needed them, they put aside their gentle ways, and battled like the giants that they were, until wrong, hypocrisy, and error were completely baffled.

More than a generation ago New England Unitarians gave to the Pacific slope a pioneer of truth and liberty. In physical strength he was a child. Not a miner on the coast but could have lifted him in his arms. But in his mind and heart there burned a fire that was never quenched. When the decision of California was hanging in the balance, when political and commercial exigencies seemed almost to have turned the tide against fealty to the Union, Starr King, forsaking his own, threw himself into the arena of agitation with a fiery zeal that brooked no opposition. Anywhere, everywhere, in cities, in camps, down in the sunless retreats where men were digging for gold, he struck his blows for liberty. By appeal, by logic, and with a burning eloquence that seemed to ride the storm of opposition, he compelled California to choose the better part. Strong men loved and honored him as few men have ever been loved and honored, and to-day the patriotic men and women of California speak his name in sweet and tender reverence.

But not all battles are won in war. Man's emancipation from superstition comes only after years of struggle. But in the supreme moment of emancipation there comes to every man a broader view of life, a sweeter charity for all mankind, and a deeper reverence for God. Not all the heart and soul of life are in the old theology. To demonstrate this to this community and this commonwealth is our task, and here is our battle-ground. Had we chosen our ground, there could not have been a better field. Eliminating the non-essentials and standing on the essentials, we cannot fail to draw about us a throng of men and women bound by the high and common purpose to be of service to our fellows.

It may not be your lot to arouse the emotions of men in behalf of freedom as did Starr King in the pioneer days on the Coast; but with our help it will be your mission and high privilege to declare against every form of dogmatism and superstition, and against error whenever and wherever it raises its head. If a better opportunity to exemplify practical Christianity ever presented itself to an organized body of capable men and women, then it has not been revealed. It is within our power so to establish ourselves in the confidence of the people as to open up new avenues of help both to the people and to ourselves. Our appeal is not to a particular set, but to every man, woman, and child who comes within our

gates. Our mission is not to the upper ten of the city, but to the moving masses of humanity that need us; and the spirit of the age imposes the sacrifice. True religion is a great leveller; for, when our fellow-man cries out for help, we forget creed. The Man of Galilee never had a creed; but his everlasting exaction of his people was that there should be no class distinction among men, and that all were laborers in the vineyard. The Man of Galilee was satisfied with his brother man always, "if only his palms were brothers to the toilers at the plough, his face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow." The Man of Galilee was the great rationalist of his time. Imitating the spirit of his work, let us move forward together in all good deeds and works, and demonstrate to thinking men that rational thought, vitalized by the work of willing hearts and hands, energized by the high purpose of philanthropy intelligently directed, speaks to men as no other force in the world can speak.

As president of this society, speaking for the trustees and in behalf of the people, I now declare you to be the duly installed pastor of this the First Unitarian Society of Salt Lake City. We pledge to you our hearts and hands in the upbuilding of this church; and you will find us faithful and swift to do your bidding, if only you direct us from the high plane you have already marked out.

May unity, and the success which always comes from a common brotherhood, be with us in all the years to come.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

To the Unitarian Churches of America, Greeting:—

At the close of the sixteenth meeting of the National Conference it becomes once more the duty of the Council to issue an address to the churches, with the request that it be publicly read.

The meeting at Washington has been a marked success. In point of numbers, in sustained interest, in religious enthusiasm, in the quality and power of its papers and addresses, and in the importance of the work started or accomplished, it ranks with the best that has ever been held, even if it does not stand as our high-water mark. Though something of the social intercourse of Saratoga may have been missed, this loss has been more than balanced by the consideration that we have been speaking to the country, and so have done effective work in proclaiming our gospel in new fields. As never before, we have spoken through the press, and so sent our message all over the land. This seems to us a very important gain over the old times when we spoke only to each other.

The influence of the new declaration, adopted last year at Saratoga, has been felt in a most gratifying way. Many hearts were made happy at the sight of a united body of believers and workers, in which the spirit of cordial fellowship was supreme. The right wing and the left wing, apparently forgetting that they were on opposite sides of the body, remembered only that it was their office to sustain that body in its flight. Perhaps the best thing about the conference was its series of grand meetings, its strong papers and addresses, the consciousness of its power in impressing the country, and its increasing enthusiasm for the work that waits us; *i.e.*, the total impression of the Conference itself.

Some of its special features, however, call for mention. Each day was marked by the unanimous passage of some resolution by which the Conference put itself on record concerning some great question of the time. It declared for such a reform of our municipal administration as should make good government in our cities supreme over all questions of partisan politics. It put itself on record as against the present pressing evils of intemperance. While advocating no narrow views, it pointed out the saloon as the centre of personal, social, and political corruption. It pleaded with humanity in behalf of Armenia, and in favor of religious liberty throughout the world. It reached out its hand in sympathetic fellowship to the Unitarians of Hungary, who for so long have stood for religious freedom in South-eastern Europe. It offered to the world its own basis of love to God and love to man, as a satisfactory formula for religious union. It took the first steps toward a union of all our young people's societies, so as to organize their power and enthusiasm, and

bring them into vital relations with the churches and with the religious needs of the time. A special resolution of sympathy with Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and of regret for his enforced absence from the Conference, was unanimously adopted.

The meetings of the Women's Alliance, of the Sunday School Society, and of the subsidiary bodies, show fine work done, and an advance of interest and power all along the line.

The Council would call attention to the fact that, while the Conference is free to use any and all agencies for the carrying on of its missionary work, its main agency is naturally our central and oldest missionary organization, the American Unitarian Association, which was never so well organized and equipped for its work as it is now. With its new, capable, and broad-minded secretary, and with an efficient and experienced business man as treasurer, who is ready to give all his time and enthusiasm to the raising of its money and managing its finances, we ought to give the Association our undivided and hearty support. It is our arm, strong enough to do all the work for which we are ready to furnish the means. The new departure in the organization of the Association is so important that it must have ample time to develop its power and show what it can do.

With a united front, then, let us march on to that victory which means release, liberty, and a higher life for the world. The trend of science, the progress of philosophy, the increase of scholarship, the results of the best criticism, the growth of civilization, all are with us. God is leading and lifting his world into a higher enlightenment and a wider and freer religious life. While awed by the thought that we can cooperate with God to this great end, let us feel the touch of consecration and the thrill of enthusiasm, and so give ourselves as never before to the great work which waits for our accomplishment.

For the Council,
M. J. SAVAGE, *Chairman.*

To be without noble human ideals is to be without inspiration and aspiration; for it is only in and through the human that the presence and power of the divine is perceived.—*H. W. Thomas.*

UNITY AND DIVERSITY.

The Christian world is divided into sects, each sect professing to hold some cardinal truth which distinguishes it from all others. Each professes to be seeking the attainment of the same object,—a true life. We must regard the doctrines taught by each sect, then, as means used for the attainment of this object. To think otherwise would be to deny the sincerity of their professions. Amid the warring and wrangling of these sects the Christian world is sighing for some ground of unity by which these sects can draw nearer to each other and co-operate in the great cause of moral and religious reform. Fighting each other is wasting our powers. In union alone are strength and the hope of victory.

In seeking to combine our forces for the accomplishment of the great object, we are simply carrying out the spirit of Christ's prayer with his disciples, offered just before his arrest, trial, and crucifixion. John xvii. 20–23. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe in me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

Such was the prayer of Jesus for his followers,—that as he and the Father were united in purpose and spirit, not in personality and oneness of nature, as some have believed, so his followers might become one in spirit and purpose, while promoting the Christian faith.

In discussing this subject, I would say in the outset that I ask no one to give up what he honestly believes to be the truth. I have no wish to interfere with conscientious convictions. This is sacred ground upon which I do not feel at liberty to tread. Neither do I ask or expect that all men will believe alike. This is impossible even if it may be desirable. No two minds are exactly alike. Infinite are the diversities of tastes, feelings, sentiments, and interests in the human family, and ever-varying are the circumstances under which each member thereof is placed. There must be in the

nature of things, then, always a difference of opinion concerning the every-day affairs of life, and specially moral and religious matters. Each person looks upon the same object from a different standpoint and through a different medium, which changes with his varying moods; and hence the object appears unlike to each observer.

The origin of sects lies in the fact that there are some great central truths around which similar minds can rally. "Men think gregariously," and thus form classes. Each sect makes prominent one idea above all others, and around this they gather and fight their battles with those who differ from them. And each sect has a different idea to which it clings which distinguishes it from all others. Catholicism puts forward the doctrine of the infallible pope as the head of the Church; Calvinism, the justice and sovereignty of Jehovah; Arminianism, the freedom of the will in distinction from the power of God; the Unitarian, the oneness of the Godhead; the Universalist, the triumph of good over all evil. Thus each denomination emphasizes some one prominent truth or doctrine which overshadows all others. But this does not imply that this doctrine constitutes its whole creed. Numerous minor doctrines cluster around this distinguishing one, and the whole together make up its system of belief. In these systems we see the workings of the human mind in its toilsome progress toward universal truth. As one has said, "The history of schools and sects is the spiritual history of mankind." They all deserve our candid consideration.

We have no right to pronounce any system, however revolting it may at first appear, wholly made up of error. A system of pure error never can exist for a single day. The parts could not cohere. It would be like a rope of sand. It would contain not merely the elements of destruction, but it would consist wholly of these elements. All systems contain some truth, and this is the cohesive power that keeps the parts together. And it is to the truth which they contain, and not the error, that they owe their success in the world. To condemn them wholly is a mark of ignorance and short-sightedness which is unpardonable. We thus indiscriminately condemn truth and error, the good and the bad, and put both alike under the same ban of prescription.

Neither can we pronounce any system as held by man wholly free from error. It is a fearful assumption on the part of any man that his system of belief contains nothing but truth, while all others are false. Each system, when first formed, is more or less tinctured with errors. But, as the human mind enlarges the boundaries of its knowledge, it casts out error after error, until finally a beautiful structure, comparatively pure and symmetrical, will rise up before it.

Truth is natural to the mind. The one is fitted for the other. So, when once we become purged of our old errors and wrong associations, we shall gladly welcome the truth, and no longer throw it away for the husks upon which we have long been meagrely fed. And it is a fact full of hope that, when we clearly discern truth, we shall cling to it, fight for it, and sometimes, if need be, be willing to die for it, or at least make great sacrifices for it, as the history of man abundantly testifies.

Man is a spiritual being. High-toned sympathies live in his heart and awaken him to noble service. Moral goodness, as he sees it exhibited in others, calls forth his admiration. Christianity presents to him the highest standard of virtue and a living model Jesus Christ, the sinless One, around whom cluster all the graces that exalt and beautify the human character. Around him can we all gather, and unitedly pay him the homage of our hearts. He is presented to us as our great Exemplar. If we have his spirit, we can meet members of all sects and parties in the exercise of charity and good will. When we imbibe his spirit, then we shall no longer indulge in the bickerings that have characterized the sects of past ages.

Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians whose church was torn by dissensions, rebuked them for splitting it up into parties, one saying, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." With what burning words of rebuke does he add, "*Is Christ divided?* was Paul crucified for you? or were you baptized in the name of Paul?" Well would it be if the jarring sectaries of the present day would give heed to these stinging words.

Christ is not divided, neither should the Christian world be divided except on the

lines which I have indicated. Christ's spirit should unite all loyal souls. He taught the cardinal truths of the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of the human race, his mission in the world as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, and the immortality of human souls. Around these we can gather and do our common work, and seek to gain the same end. We can worship and serve God, trust in Jesus as our Saviour and Friend, do good to our fellow-men as members of the common household, though they may hold some speculative opinions different from our own; and we can live as candidates of immortality, looking upon the unseen and the eternal while working amid objects seen and temporal.

Here is common ground upon which we all can meet and preserve the Christian spirit in the bonds of Christian love.

J. S. LEE.

Canton, N.Y.

ALWAYS GROWING.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,
  Under the rain and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?
  "Why, do you not know?
    I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,
  When the bough springs to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?
  "What, do you not know?
    I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,
  With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water-grass,
Never at rest, I see you pass.
  "Why, do you not know?
    I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
  With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?
  "Ho! do you not know?
    I grow."

Always growing! by night or day
  No idle moments we see;
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us all be able to say,
  In the goodness of God
    We grow.

—*Our Little People.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Trust.

Father, we reach toward the sunlight,—
  Oh, teach us just how to pray.
Take thou our weak hands and lead us
  O'er all the tempestuous way.

And the brightness of earth shall cheer us,
  The gladness of heaven shall fill
The hearts which sometimes grow weary,
  When we learn to do thy will!

—*H. C. Tenney.*

MONDAY.

A Hint of Light.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
  And, even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
  And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
  Somewhere in the shadows hiding.
It is better by far to hunt for a star
  Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself
  To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life long;
  And, the sooner you know it, the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
  And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
  As the water shapes into a vessel.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

TUESDAY.

God's Will.

To do God's will,—that's all
That need concern us; not to carp or ask
The meaning of it, but to ply our task,
  Whatever may befall;
Accepting good or ill as he shall send,
  And wait until the end.

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

WEDNESDAY.

The Divine Lullaby.

I hear thy voice, dear Lord,—
I hear it by the stormy sea,
  When winter nights are black and wild,
And when, affright, I call to thee.
It calms my fears, and whispers me,
  "Sleep well, my child."

I hear thy voice, dear Lord:
In singing winds and falling snow,
  The curfew chimes, the midnight bell,
"Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low:
"The guardian angels come and go,—
  O child, sleep well!"

I hear thy voice, dear Lord:
Aye, though the singing winds be stilled,
Though hushed the tumult of the deep,
My fainting heart with anguish chilled
By thy assuring tone is thrilled,—
"Fear not, and sleep!"

Speak on,—speak on, dear Lord!
And when the last dread night is near,
With doubts and fears and terrors wild,
Oh, let my soul expiring hear
Only these words of heavenly cheer,
"Sleep well, my child."

—*Eugene Field.*

THURSDAY.

The Living God.

This human life is no mere looking-glass
In which God sees his shadows as they pass.
He did not start the pendulum of time
To go by law with one great swing sublime,
Resting himself in lonely joy apart;
But to each pulse of life his beating heart;
And, as a parent sensitive, is stirred
By falling sparrow or heart-wingèd word.

—*Gerald Massey.*

FRIDAY.

Love Imprisoned.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there,
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were ne'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less,
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round:
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty:
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love,
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of the mind.

—*Madame Guyon.*

SATURDAY.

Which Are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,—
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good;

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man;

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In what class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Duty walks with bowed head, as if it were always tired: Faith has a way of looking up, and it sees things Duty never sees.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, when distributing the prizes in connection with the Mansfield House Sunday school movement, said that much of what she had achieved in letters was due to the fact that, as a young girl, she was able to feed her imagination in the shady corners of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Having a free hand there, she picked up a deal of desultory information, covering a wide field, and laid the foundation for that love of books which had become the fabric of her after life. Especially did she set a value upon the uses of biography. Dr. Jowett, she said, was wont to say that in the future instruction would be conveyed almost entirely through the medium of biography, beginning from the life of Christ, and so proceeding through all the records of great examples left by the heroes of history.

EDITORIAL.

Good Cheer! CHRISTMAS greeting to all our readers! In this festival of love, love that at its white heat shone like an eternal star from the soul of Jesus Christ, in this feast of spiritual joy, in the unworldliness and self-sacrifice it implies, in the peace it offers, and the good-will among all men which it demands, may we all have part!

The Strength of Ten. THIS number of the *Unitarian* completes our tenth volume. Through ups and downs, changes and trials, the *Unitarian* has gone on growing. Its ten years have been years of accumulating support and increasing appreciation. Its single purpose to unite all its readers in the glad tidings of our common faith has, we hope, kept its heart pure. It serves no personal interests, and is bound to no party or prejudice. Its earnest effort is to spread the message of Jesus, "love to God and love to man."

Thanks to the continual encouragement of our readers, to the happy suggestions we are always so glad to receive from every quarter, and to the voluntary co-operation of many friends both known and unknown, in near and distant fields, we are stronger, more thoroughly equipped, and able to promise our readers better things than ever before.

Each Issue. THE *Unitarian* brings together in each issue: —

A notable sermon.

Several short studies in topics of the day.

Historical and biographical sketches.

Something devotional.

Editorial notes reviewing the religious world.

Careful notices of such books as command special attention.

Brief survey of denominational outlook made from headquarters by the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

Monthly review by the President of the Sunday School Society.

Women's Alliance reports.

Young People's Guild and Club news.

Temperance work.

Children's corner.

Announcements and items from the *whole field of Unitarian activities.*

What are we Doing? FREQUENTLY we hear it said, "If we only knew something about the actual work for which the American Unitarian Association is asking financial support, we might be moved to a more generous response." We wish to have it widely known that every one who takes the *Unitarian* receives a personal letter from headquarters, giving a careful report of just what we are doing in the field of Unitarian work. We refer to the letter from Mr. Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which appears every month in the first column of our "Departments," immediately following these editorial notes.

The Earth. WE regret the inadequacy of the notice under "Literary Notes" which our limited space compels us to give to a book which is as fascinating as it is unique. We refer to the recent volume of travel by Francis Tiffany. We should at least like to suggest that among the gifts of the holiday season nothing could exceed in charm and real value this dainty volume, where high philosophy, pure religion, brilliant fancy, and flashing wit are woven in coils of wonderful literary beauty round about "this goodly frame, the earth."

Unitarian Christian Unity. WHILE the effort to unite Christian sects is confined to the embodiment of their doctrinal tests in one form, to which all must be fitted, there can only result the ineffectual discussion which we have already witnessed to weariness.

Each denominational convention passing elaborate resolutions favoring the adoption of its own special creed as the test for all.

The Unitarian proposal for unity seems therefore to merit a wide consideration. It does not contemplate the mutilation of any denominational doctrines, in order to make all alike. It does not propose to bring all the heavenly bodies to the terms of our planet. It proposes that suns, nebulous clusters, and wandering comets, shall keep their own functions and render their own special services. It proposes simply to utilize an existing medium, in which these various bodies already move,—a medium which renders the work of all efficient; a medium which carries the light of each to

each, and unifies by mutual attraction. That medium is love,—love to God and love to man.

In this unifying medium Christian ministers can come together for inspiring intercourse, and Christian churches co-operate in lifting the burden of the heavy laden and leading an emancipated humanity toward the fulfilment of the divine purposes of the living God.

King's Chapel. THE first Unitarian Church in America has just installed a new minister, the fifth in succession since 1787.

King's Chapel, Boston, was established as the first Episcopal Church of New England in 1686. When the British army evacuated Boston in 1776, the rector, who was a stanch Loyalist, left with the troops, taking with him the silver plate, "the gift of three kings."

In 1787 the wardens of the Chapel in behalf of the congregation installed as their minister James Freeman, who as a pronounced Unitarian was refused ordination by the bishops. Mr. Freeman prepared the Order of Prayer known as the King's Chapel Service, which neither expresses nor implies the doctrine of the Trinity. King's Chapel thus became the First Unitarian Church in America.

Under Francis Greenwood, Ephraim Peabody, and Henry W. Foote the historical prestige of the society has been unfalteringly maintained. For the past six years, since the death of Henry W. Foote in 1889, the society has had no settled minister; but at last the unanimous choice of the proprietors of this ancient house of worship fell upon Rev. Howard N. Brown, the beloved pastor of the First Parish in Brookline, whose installation into the historic pulpit of King's Chapel took place November 10.

It must have been a very trying and difficult experience for Mr. Brown to sever the affectionate ties that held him to the Brookline church, where for twenty-two years he has labored with accumulating success. Only the great demands of King's Chapel, its peculiar duties, its important opportunities, prevailed upon him to enter upon this exacting work. His predecessors have been men of mark, but the influence of King's Chapel is spreading and deepening every year; and Mr. Brown, if we mistake not, is now beginning a career of usefulness and power which will add much to our denominational pride and joy in the historic church he is now to lead.

A Worshipful Church. IN the strong and uplifting sermon delivered by Dr. F. G. Peabody at the installation services at King's Chapel November 10 he referred in the following sentences to the beautiful devotional associations of the church:—

"The first thing which any stranger perceives on entering these doors is this: that it is a place of worship, not an auditorium or a concert hall, or a social exchange, but a place to say one's prayers in the quiet, calming sense of God's loving care. And this sense of a worshipful church grows with each year of loving association with this place, and sweetens the memory of every child of this church as he looks back upon his happy privilege of nurture here.

"From year to year the scattered lovers of this place return, not to some great occasion of oratory or festivity, but to the sacred hours of personal prayer or the quiet partaking of the Lord's Supper amid the holy memories of devout ministers and of many a domestic saint. About us here are the generations of worship. The words of prayer speak to us from the silent lips about our chancel walls. They are wrought into the very frame of this ancient building. Her gates speak of salvation, and her walls sing of praise."

Free Churches. As a contribution to the very continuous discussion which goes on over the various imperfections of the pew-renting method of meeting the necessary church expenses, we quote from Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge in his neat little paper, the *Parish Record* of Christ Church, Dorchester, Mass.

"Ours is practically a free church. There is no proprietary right to any of its sittings. Nobody can buy a pew and keep it for himself or sell it, if he chooses. There are no seats to rent.

"But, on the other hand, it is not a free-and-easy church. Its principal aim is to be a church *home*, not merely a religious lodging-house for transient guests. It supposes that the majority of those who attend its

services will do so regularly, and that they will feel more at home if they have permanent seats. For this reason seats are assigned to those who express the wish for them. These seats are theirs to occupy every Sunday, provided they appear with reasonable promptness. They are not assigned arbitrarily, but are freely chosen out of all the sittings which have not been previously taken. Strangers are shown into seats that have not been assigned or are not usually occupied. If, by any chance, regular attendants find their places filled when they arrive, their hospitable souls rejoice; and they contentedly sit elsewhere."

Work Together. THE ministers of sixty churches of New York City have formed a practical federation for joint social work. The stated object of the new organization is "to bring the organized intelligence and love of our churches to bear upon the material, social, economic, civic, and spiritual interests of the family life of our city, and, through interdenominational conference and co-operation, to meet the religious and moral needs of every part of our city." This object is to be effected: "(1) By a thorough investigation of various districts of the city, so as to obtain an accurate knowledge of the social and church situation, in order to have data for determining what action may be necessary. (2) By co-operation with existing agencies to meet the desired need." Each church may be represented in the federation by its pastor and two lay members, one man and one woman, and each co-operating organization by one member.

It is said that a great many laymen have come forward with offers of large financial aid to the new enterprise.

Women's Alliance Work. THE "Manual" just issued by the National Alliance should be taken by some woman in every church, and forced upon the attention, not only of all the other women, but upon the men. No one can possibly examine even its table of contents, or read any one of the 164 compact little reports from Branch Alliances, or especially the business-like report of the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mary B. Davis, without feeling his confidence and his hope in the great work of the Unitarian Church expand. Striving societies will be strengthened when they read of the struggles and well-won successes of others. Exhausted ministers will revive when they find such powerful co-operation coming in to aid them on every hand. Earnest laymen will hasten to contribute more generously to a cause so successfully enforced.

The number of Alliance Branches has nearly doubled in four years. During the past year $40,401.11 has been raised and appropriated by the combined alliances. Innumerable societies have been helped, and by the stimulus of sympathy brought to happier days. Study leaflets have been published, and Unitarian literature carefully distributed.

Consecration. READ the letter from Minot J. Savage which you will find on another page, written as "Chairman of the Council of the National Conference." It is cheering. It is earnest. It is written to you. "With united front let us march on to that victory which means release, liberty, and a higher life for the world."

Beautiful Lives. A PURE, sweet, gentle, admirable life has closed its well-kept earthly course in the death of the venerable Dr. Thomas Treadwell Stone, D.D. Dr. Stone was in his ninety-fifth year, and was the oldest Unitarian minister in the country. We published in the *Unitarian* of last May selections from the volume of Dr. Stone's sermons published in 1854.

Another quiet, impressive life of long and faithful service to our faith is that of Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., who died November 19, in his seventieth year. Dr. Woodbury had been settled minister at Concord, N.H., Lowell, Mass., and Providence, R.I., at which last place, as pastor of the Westminster Church, he remained thirty-five years.

The joy of life is in the serving, and not at all in the greatness or littleness of the place of service. Until one has found this, he has not so much as learned the alphabet of a happy life. To know of any bit of work, however lowly, "it is the Lord's appointment," is to gild and glorify it.—*The Contributor.*

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

If the Washington Conference was not at the high-water mark of all Conferences, it was only because the one triumphant hour at Saratoga could never be repeated. In all other respects the Conference maintained so high a level as to mark a new epoch in the history of our body. The only criticism from any source which has come to our knowledge is that it was too intensely Unitarian in spirit. If that could mean, with truth, that any sectarian spirit was aroused, it would be unfortunate. The fact is that through all the meetings and underneath all the proceedings there was a steady, constant flow of confidence in the mission of our Unitarian churches and (*pace* our brother Hosmer of St. Louis) the mission of our Unitarian Church, spelled with a big C. The feeling was strong that we were no longer an inchoate mass of individuals, nor a few hundred churches scattered here and there over a vast expanse of country, with no bond of union more vital than that of tabulation in a Year Book, but a real body with a living soul. The intense feeling of loyalty to our Unitarian cause, which arose often to fervid expression, was compounded of a sense of duty lifted to joyous expression in the full confidence that we have something to do worth doing, something which will not separate us from any others who are going in our direction, but something to help every faithful worker and every good cause. It was a feeling akin to the eagerness of a strong man rejoicing to run a race.

Every one is asking, "Now what are *you* going to do?" The question which ought to take precedence of that is, "What shall *we* do?" One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the frequent asking of this question. The way to have a full stream of enthusiasm and service is to fill the springs. When the head-waters are full, all the plains below are watered. A forward movement of Unitarianism is inevitable. Every Unitarian church and conference may give it momentum. Let every man stand steadfast and loyal to the organization nearest to him. Let every church look beyond its own borders to see how it may be helpful to weaker churches in its own neighborhood. Let every conference carry the best it has to all the communities within its borders. No missionary work is better than this. Out of the spirit of mutual helpfulness thus evoked in many places will come a full stream in all the larger channels of our associated life.

In Brooklyn, preparatory to the meeting of the Middle States Conference, a series of meetings held for this purpose has created an animated interest. Such meetings might be held with profit in all the large cities where there are churches of our faith,—in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Proselyting is out of the question for Unitarians. But a cheerful desire to make our principles known for the benefit of those to whom they would bring blessing is a sign of interest in humanity. It is a mark of good citizenship. It is the duty of one who loves his country and is kind.

On every hand we are hard pressed by those who are willing to proselyte and to compass sea and land, to capture Unitarian boys and girls. Plans are made and schemes are carried out by honest men and women which would bring the blush of shame to their cheeks if they were duly sensitive. In their zeal to save the souls of our children, they forget many of the laws of courtesy which guide them in other matters. But the most amazing thing is that our Unitarian fathers and mothers seem often to be indifferent to these devices. Being themselves unwilling to prejudice even their own children for or against any form of religious faith, they do not realize that there are other men and women who are perfectly willing to undertake the task of prejudicing them. Now there are schools and colleges where our sons and daughters can be educated without being subjected to undue pressure in matters of religion. It is high time that they received the patronage of Unitarians.

The gift of $5,000 from Mrs. C. B. Hackley, immediately following the reports of the missionary superintendents at Washington, was one indication of the buoyant confidence of the audience. It is certain that many of the delegates returned from that meeting with the determination to lift their individual churches to the level of the Conference. Had not the superintendent for New England generously given his time to other persons desiring the ear of the Conference, he would have reported encouraging meetings at Westerly, R.I., and in Connecticut, at Willimantic, New London, Waterbury, Derby, and elsewhere. At Gouverneur, N.Y., a movement full of vitality is reported.

Next month the work of the Middle States has the precedence before the directors of the American Unitarian Association. That will finish the work of the calendar year. In January a new survey of the departments begins, with the South at the front. During the year the secretary hopes to make himself personally known at all the central points, and to come into close relations with our leading workers in all the departments. One thing, however, he cannot do. With the best intentions, preaching in a different place every Sunday, he could not reach all our churches in less than ten years. He must therefore content himself with the establishment of personal relations with

conferences, clubs, headquarters, and responsible workers in various parts of the country. All the rest will come in good time, with preaching in the churches every Sunday as an incident.

Last month the needs of the Pacific Coast were considered, and the following appropriations were made: Alameda, Cal., $250; Pomona, Cal., $250; Ontario, Cal., $200; Stockton, Cal., $400; Santa Maria, Cal., $300; San José, Cal., $750; San Diego, Cal., $600; Eugene, Ore., $100; Medford, Ore., $50; Puyallup, Wash., $300; McMillin, Wash., $100; Spokane, Wash., $350; Redlands, Cal., $250; Seattle, Wash., $600. Mr. Wendte was reappointed for six months, and one-fourth of the expenses for headquarters at San Francisco voted.

One of the most important subjects considered last month was the appropriation for Japan. With the directors and our constituents divided in opinion as to our duty in that country, it was a question that deserved and received ample and serious consideration. On the whole, having in mind the honor of our representatives in Japan, the reputation of the Unitarian Church throughout the world, and the prospect of soon reaping a great harvest for a small seed-sowing, the directors could see their way to nothing but taking the income of the Hayward Fund for foreign missions, the £50 contributed by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and adding to them enough to make up $4,350 for the general expenses for the coming year. GEORGE BATCHELOR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Echoes from the National Conference at Washington have not ceased. Every one in attendance came away inspired, and more convinced than ever that Unitarianism as a distinct form of religious faith has a future. The spirit was earnest, the utterances of high character, and the results something more than mere talk.

Among the important transactions was the movement for a "National Young People's Unitarian Union." This title was chosen as a provisional one. Several sessions were held in behalf of this object, and an unusual vigor was manifested. Committees were appointed to draft a circular to be sent to all the churches, and also to frame a constitution and by-laws for the national organization. The whole business was indorsed by a vote of the Conference as a whole.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society and the Western Sunday School Society were both represented through their leading officers in these consultations. This forward step means a great deal for the Sunday-school interests. It will, if carried out, provide some definite, attractive goal for those who graduate from the Sunday-schools. There will seem to be a continuity from the kindergarten into the church of religious nurture and training. The broken edges of all our plannings for the young people have constantly stared us in the face. There has been no complete system. It is true that too much system is injurious: the same may be said of too little. No one can carry water without a pail. The pail confines the water, but saves it also.

This circular appealing for the formation of religious unions where they do not exist will soon be sent to the ministers and churches. The same appeal will also inform our denomination that existing Guilds, Unity Clubs, Fraternities, Lend a Hand Clubs, and similar bodies need not dissolve. Many have names that they wish to retain, and associations that are valuable. It is planned that in such cases the existing local organizations can continue, but they are asked to join the national union.

All this betokens a better day for Sunday-schools. With the serious and friendly attention of the home at one end, and the co-operation of the church in this fashion at the other end, the whole work ought to go on more bravely and successfully. We repeat now our oft-uttered statement, that what is needed most at the present time in Unitarian planning and fulfilment is a proper heed to the needs of the young people. We do not mean a false note of separation, as though young people should be considered apart from other interests. The real argument is that the young people have not been considered fully in relation to all church and denominational interests. This movement simply aims to recruit their forces and set them at work in the proper place.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society offers three reprints for Christmas Services,—those of 1888, 1892, and 1894. They were very popular when published, and are worthy of further use. Price 5 cents per copy, $4.00 per hundred. No new service will be issued this year.

An edition of Rev. Charles F. Dole's "A Catechism of Liberal Faith" has been issued in paper covers. Price 20 cents per copy, $1.80 per dozen. This suggestive book is receiving a hearty welcome. There is a great deal in it well adapted for advanced classes. The well is very deep into which discussion is asked to plunge its bucket. The cloth edition sells for 35 cents per copy, $3.50 per dozen.

The Annual Report of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, from which we quoted in the last number of the *Unitarian*, with a list of contributing churches and Sunday-

schools and officers, is now out in neat pamphlet form. Copies furnished to any one applying in person, or by mail, without cost.

The eighth edition (8,000) of the "New Song and Service Book" is now printing. About one hundred Sunday-schools have introduced this book, and the comments upon it have been very flattering. The variety of music and the dignity of the services, together with the large number of songs for festival days, give this volume features not so pronounced in similar publications. Handsomely bound, price 40 cents per copy, $4.00 per dozen.

Although the current leaflet lessons are selling widely, yet the increased activity of our schools is shown in the fact that new editions of old manuals are constantly demanded. There have been printed within the past month or two fresh editions of "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds"; Toy's "History of the Religion of Israel"; Dole's "Questions for Bible Study, No. 4: Bible Men and Women"; Young's "Character Lessons"; Lyon's "Old Testament Narratives, Intermediate"; and "Scenes in the Life of Jesus, Intermediate," by Rev. Edward A. Horton.

The one-topic graded lessons for December are ready. The subjects are "The Shepherd and his Flock," "The Laborers in the Vineyard," "The Ten Virgins," and "The Lighted Candle." The lesson for Christmas Sunday is omitted, Sunday-schools being engrossed with special exercises.

I have received copies of the new lessons for the season by the Western Sunday School Society, entitled "Nature Studies"; also Rev. W. C. Gannett's "Flowering of Christianity." The first course consists of a four-page leaflet which is issued each week, handsomely illustrated and finely printed. For the particular subject in hand, and the special object in view, these studies in natural history are admirable, and reflect credit upon the author, Rev. A. W. Gould. The course by Rev. Mr. Gannett is in his excellent vein, combining the deep thought with the illustration. Samples can be ordered at 25 Beacon Street.

A new catalogue has been issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Copies will be sent by mail on application. This list of publications, now so large and varied, would seem to justify the statement of a correspondent, who has written to me on various matters. He says in his letter, "The Sunday School Society has provided all the outside helps necessary—manuals, service books, and literature"—for successful results. This correspondent believes that there is need of more personal devotion and intelligent application. His ground, no doubt, is greatly correct.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE.—The first meeting of the year was held November 1, at the Church of the Messiah, New York, with an attendance of about two hundred and fifty, Mrs. Hooper in the chair.

After the secretary's minutes had been accepted and the treasurer's report approved, Mrs. Dix gave her impressions of the Conference at Washington, and Mrs. Catlin gave hers of the Exposition at Atlanta, particularly the Unitarian headquarters, which met her unqualified approval.

This was called Unitarian Day on the postal notices. It happened to be All Saints' Day, and the committee had quite unconsciously brought us into line; but it was the living souls we celebrated, those who were struggling for a higher life all over the country.

Mrs. Hannah Priestly Catlin gave us first a picture of the condition of Unitarianism in that most eastern of the liberal churches of United States, Eastport, Me. This is a town where the old and the new strive for supremacy, where the curfew still rings, and where the liberal church holds up its standard. She gave an interesting account of their church work, of the success of their Alliance, and ended by an earnest appeal to all women for more enthusiasm in our own denominational work, and for the necessary funds to further it by employing some of the large number of ministers of our faith who are waiting in Boston for an opportunity. Truly, it is no encouragement to recruits that our resources for work are so meagre. From the East we turned next to the South, and heard from Mrs. Priscilla Cooper Goodwyn, of Robinson Springs, Ala., the condition of liberalism there. It was a word of encouragement to the Post-office Mission to hear the cultured and enthusiastic Unitarian attribute the beginning of her development in liberalism to her physician, who had in turn received his enlightenment from Miss Ellis of the Post-office Mission.

Although a Unitarian for a number of years, this was the first time Mrs. Goodwyn had ever been in a church of that denomination. The South is still dominated by conservative thought. The great majority in Alabama, she believed, lived up to their State motto,—"Here we rest."

Mrs. Goodwyn remarked that, "as the South had reared so many really good men from beneath the drippings of the frying-pan and Orthodoxy, she longed to see what could be produced under a system of household economics and liberal Christianity.

President Hooper thought it was evident that Mrs. Goodwyn had found some form of

spiritual nourishment that was very sustaining. The president then introduced the third speaker, Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, Ia., who brought the greeting of the women of the West, and who then presented a paper on "Growth through Conflict."

This impressive sermon was based on the teachings of Jesus,—"I came not to bring peace, but the sword." The sword of Jesus was not like that of Mahomet, but was the keen-edged sword of Truth; and it brought the victory. Not without a conflict could Christianity have won the place it holds, for growth comes by conflict.

She illustrated her theme beautifully from nature. Just as no tiniest seed can attain maturity without struggle and conflict with opposing forces, so in human nature: individual progress comes only with conflict and struggle. The life of seclusion may deliver one from temptation; but, though he may count one in a census, the character of such a person is of very small value in real life. She urged her hearers to a life of active interest in whatever was good, helping along movements of righteous reform wherever possible. Genuine enthusiasm in word and deed is needed in society.

Society is benumbed by such expressions as, "Oh, it doesn't matter what we do: it will be all the same a hundred years hence." But it *does* matter what we do. Force is as little lost in the spiritual world as in the physical world. One's influence for good or evil, however small, remains in the world, a permanent contribution to the history of humanity.

After a hymn and the Lord's Prayer the meeting adjourned, after which a social hour was spent at luncheon.

ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

GUILDS.

A very active interest is being developed among the young people's societies. The old ones are working more earnestly, and new ones are being formed. The Washington Conference gave a new impetus to the interest in such organizations, and a deeper conviction of their importance. Two meetings were held in connection with the Conference, which showed how strong a hold this movement has gained upon us. These meetings developed something of the need felt and the ideas of those most interested as to what sort of organization is required. Unfortunately, they did not formulate a definite plan of work. This was left to a committee, consisting of Rev. Thomas Van Ness, chairman; Rev. George W. Cooke, secretary; Rev. L. B. Macdonald, Rev. C. R. Eliot, Miss Kate L. Brown, Mrs. L. B. Martine, Rev. George Batchelor, Mr. George W. Stone, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. E. M. Wilbur, Rev. Mary A. Safford, and Rev. A. W. Gould.

This committee is to propose a plan of organization, and submit it to a joint conference of the young people's societies in May. The secretary will be glad to receive suggestions as to the name, form of organization, methods of work, and anything connected with the promotion of the interests of our young people's societies. Such suggestions will be of service to the committee, and will undoubtedly receive due attention. The name is of much importance. None has yet been found which gives entire satisfaction. Those proposed are "Young People's Unitarian Union," "Young People's Religious Union," "Channing Union," and "Hale Union." Those who have other names to suggest will confer a favor upon the committee by sending them to the secretary.

The following pertinent letter has been received from New York: "The name is very important, as shown by Mr. Booth's 'Christian Army,' which did not attract until he changed it to 'The Salvation Army.' It has occurred to me that, if each church was asked to select a name they thought fitting, or any individual, perhaps a more inspiring name could be found. At any rate, it would make each church or organization of young people think it over; and afterward, when the votes were cast, if the name chosen did not suit all, every one would at least feel he had been asked; and would it not bring all the guilds, etc., into closer contact? I do think that it would unite all the young people in the denomination; and, if as successful as the *Herald's* name-contest for the 'Defender,' I think it would do no harm to copy the methods of a great city paper in that line, at least." The committee anticipated this suggestion by a resolution passed at Washington, asking for names and for a vote as to preferences. A full official report of the meetings held in Washington was published in the *Christian Register.*

We find that a considerable number of persons are in favor of adopting the name "Young People's Christian Union." This is the name of the Universalist young people's organization, which adds the words "of the Universalist Church." We could change the name to "Young People's Christian Union of the Unitarian and other Liberal Churches." Then each society would do its own denominational work in its own special way; but the two organizations could affiliate in their general work, in joint conferences, in interchange of services between local societies, and in many

other ways. It would be a grand thing to have a union of all liberal young people's societies, as there is of the evangelical. Much is to be said in favor of such a union; and we hope it will receive serious attention. We are confident it would be viewed with approval on the part of most Universalists. Those in favor of this proposition are asked to speak out.

It should be added that the committee to whom this subject has been referred have no intention of breaking down or ignoring the already existing young people's societies. Their objects are to unite all these societies of whatever name; and to make a strong and vigorous organization, which shall be national in its character, and with which all the local societies will desire to be connected. The basis of such an organization will be religious growth and spiritual culture. Whatever else may be added will be subsidiary to this fundamental object. To foster the best interests of the local church, to promote a spirit of loyalty to our ideas and methods, to bring about the active co-operation of all our young people's societies, in order to promote the interests they have in common,—these are among the objects proposed.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The Unitarian Temperance Society will publish as a tract the admirable address made by Rev. D. N. Beach at Washington upon "The Norwegian System" and its application to American needs. It will well repay careful reading. Mr. Beach undertakes to divide the temperance problem into two: first, the problem of drink; and, second, the pecuniary motive which lies back of the liquor business. He shows clearly that, if it is possible to eliminate this financial incentive, the business would become comparatively small and manageable. We know how powerful it is to-day, and how eagerly it is pushed by those who are gaining thereby. Once make it impossible for those who sell to make money out of the business, and the sales will decrease rapidly. Drinking may continue, but no one will be selfishly or pecuniarily interested to tempt others to drink. On the one side of the problem is the appetite for drink, on the other side is the desire to make money. To fight both these appetites at once is to invite defeat. If we can slay "greed," that giant appetite which spends its millions to increase its gains, we may then hope to grapple with the appetite for alcoholic drink successfully.

Mr. Beach presents the Norwegian system of selling liquor, greatly modified and improved, to meet American conditions, as the means of accomplishing just this end. It eliminates the element of private gain. It takes away the saloon-keeper's motive. It destroys those forces, personal and political, which are to-day so vitally and powerfully active to continue and increase the liquor business.

Thus it leaves men free to meet the far simpler problem, that of "the drink." Read Mr. Beach's address, and pass it on to a neighbor. The more clearly people understand the plan proposed under the Norwegian name, the sooner we shall see it tried in some of our States. Massachusetts has for the present rejected it, thanks to the combined opposition of the liquor-dealers and the Prohibitionists. It will be tried some day, however, if not in Massachusetts, then in some other State, which, if the trial be a fair one, is all its friends can ask.

A full report is at hand from the Catholic Total Abstainers' Union, containing the addresses made at its Silver Jubilee Gathering held in New York last summer. The title-page shows the face of Father Mathew; and excellent portraits of the Catholic temperance leaders are given,—Archbishop Ireland, Father Conaty, Father Doyle, and Rev. James M. Cleary, president of the Union.

It was a meeting of mutual congratulation and for the forward look. Earnest words were spoken. A great demonstration meeting was held in Carnegie Hall, at which Archbishop Corrigan, Mayor Strong, Theodore Roosevelt, and Father Cleary spoke. It was an interesting fact that Mr. Roosevelt, a Protestant, was received with wild delight, his words calling forth rounds of applause; while one of the Catholic speakers, a senator, was as heartily hissed for his opposition to the Sunday liquor laws and the policy of the police commissioners.

Mr. Roosevelt said, in the course of his address:—

"We are all Americans: that is enough for us [applause]; and whether the people came over in the 'Mayflower' from England or after the Revolution from Germany, whether they came over, as some of my ancestors did, from Holland, or, as others did, from Ireland, makes no difference. We do not care. We are all Americans, and that is enough for us; and, because we are Americans, we believe that no greater harm can be done any community than to teach it the spirit of defiance of law, and that no greater wrong can be perpetrated by any legislature (and I include legislatures of every political faith) than putting on the statute books laws which are not meant to be honestly enforced or by keeping them there."

Rev. James Cleary, president of the Union,

referring to the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the saloons, said:—

"We know, fellow total abstainers, that we cannot be devoted children of the Church of God upon American soil if we are friends or apologists for the American saloon. [Applause.] For the Catholic Church in America has voiced its sentiments again and again in no uncertain terms. Those grand words of the wise fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore are still ringing in our ears; and they must stir the consciences of every Catholic upon American soil, that that business which thrives upon spreading intemperance among our people is a dangerous and unbecoming sort of business. [Applause.] With shame and with sorrow we have been forced to confess that too often men who claimed to be devoted children of mother Church have inscribed their names above the doors of liquor-dens, and have tried to make profits out of the weaknesses and the faults of their coreligionists and countrymen. [Applause.] In view of the unmistakable utterances of the Catholic Church in America there can never be any alliance between the Church and the American saloon."

The Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention at Baltimore did the right and generous and Christian thing when it opened its doors by a special vote to Catholics and Hebrews. Some opposition to this action arose; but the president, Miss Willard, overcame it by a few earnest words. Calling the vice-president to the chair, she took the floor, and said:—

"I want to recognize these two denominations, because in places where I have been, especially in the South, they exhibited sympathy in our work, and have extended every courtesy. It has especially touched my heart that, in meetings where I have presented the work of this organization, among those who have welcomed me to the platform have been the Catholic priests and the Hebrew rabbi. They knew what I came for, they knew what I represented; and, if they were broad enough to come half-way and extend the hand of greeting, should my hand be so small and withered as not to accept the clasp. I want to welcome them to us if they want to come." (Applause.) The following resolution was then passed:—

"*Resolved*, That Catholic women and Hebrew women should be invited to send fraternal delegates from their annual convention to ours, and to establish branches of the White Ribbon Society within their own borders." CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of man. They make our prime objects a refuge as well as a passion.—*John Keats.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Some Books. The following brief notices of some of the most interesting and valuable new books just published in the special field of religious thought will, we hope, be found useful to our many readers in selecting the best books to buy:—

"The Preacher and his Place." By Rev. David H. Greer, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.—Although this volume is advertised as "The Yale Lectures on Preaching" for 1895, it contains much more than one usually expects in a series of divinity school addresses. Dr. Greer is not a professor, or rather he is not accustomed to continually addressing himself to a college class. His regular audience is the congregation of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, a thoroughly representative gathering; and the scope, breadth, and spirit of these lectures seem to indicate a sympathetic knowledge of the needs of the people of a great nation. There is little purely pedagogical: there is everything that tends toward the idea of "the world for a parish." At the same time Dr. Greer is no visionary, nothing could be more consistently practical than his advice to the preacher in "preparing his message"; in all the delicate "relations to the parish," and in making the most of himself. But the whole subject is treated in its largest bearings. There is the breadth of the spirit of Phillips Brooks about Dr. Greer's conception of the greatness of the mission of "the preacher," as where he says: "The work of the ministry touches and includes all things 'in the heavens above and the earth beneath,' and in the waters under the earth, and in the soul of man. It deals with things human, it deals with things divine; things physical, things metaphysical; things natural, things supernatural; mental, moral, and spiritual."

The first chapter is a refreshing treatment of the relation of the minister to the past: it declares that the only reasonable relation is the historical one; that is to say, that the creeds and doctrines of the church are to be put into their historic places, and not enforced as applicable to the present hour. Dr. Greer accepts Coleridge's ideal,

that the church of the future shall allow all its ministers to walk "at large and at liberty." All the various themes treated are handled in the same broad way. It would be of inestimable benefit to every church if the minister had at heart both the spirit and the careful training advocated and displayed by Dr. Greer in this useful volume.

"**The Christ of To-day.**" By George A. Gordon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.—Every one seems to be reading this last book of Dr. Gordon's; and the press is generally commenting very favorably upon the liberality, breadth, and candor of the work. It deserves this praise, and will probably be read even more; for, unlike Dr. Fairbairn's "Place of Christ in Modern Theology," the present work is thoroughly popular in its earnest, direct, and vigorous treatment of its great subject. Yet to the Unitarian, while it will be of great interest to follow Dr. Gordon's vivid and brilliant exhortations, and while it will be a matter of unusual pleasure to find with what courteous consideration he speaks of the Unitarian protest, it will be very apparent that the real purpose of the book is entirely opposed to that very gospel which Unitarians believe the Master came to teach. Dr. Gordon evidently rouses himself in this work to a great and vigorous effort against the simple, natural conception of Jesus Christ as a brother man. Confusion is the result; and we find Dr. Gordon claiming that we human beings are to have the mind of Christ and be like him, and yet declaring that he is the "supreme mediator between God and man," and is, and must be, "unique." The fundamental principle here involved is the very thing against which Dr. Gordon falls. If we can be with Christ "sons of God," then Jesus is our brother. If he is not our brother, then are we hopeless.

"**Hymns for Church and Home.**" American Unitarian Association, Boston.—Great expectations have heralded the appearance of this new collection of hymns, and the handsome volume now before us is certainly worthy of high praise. That Arthur Foote is the editor of the music and Mary Wilder Tileston of the hymns is sufficient guarantee of the high standard and thoroughness of the work in each department. The collection is very large. This necessarily makes the volume bulky; but, while each minister will probably use over and over again a few favorite hymns, a book which is to have any permanence in practice must meet the demands of many minds. This collection is thus intended to be useful for many years in many churches. It is distinctly an evolution out of the previous publications of the Association. Those older hymns which have practically fallen out of general use have largely been omitted, while a great many quite new ones have been introduced, such as Mr. Savage's vigorous "Dost thou hear the bugle sounding?" The number of hymns in unusual metres is noticeable: many of these will become great favorites, owing to the appropriateness of the beautiful music composed specially for them. We would call attention to the admirable classification of subjects, which is decidedly better than anything we have had before, and will be invaluable to every minister.

"**A Catechism of Liberal Faith.**" By Charles F. Dole. Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston.—This thin text-book for class-work is really a very weighty handbook of religion. Mr. Dole, out of deep experience and profound study, reveals in this catechism the lines along which his own searching and testing have led him. As a catechism, it has little in it of that which we usually associate with the term. It rather reverses the popular conception of a catechism, and, instead of authoritatively declaring in condensed statements the essential tenets of belief, it suggests ways of intellectual approach to the right consideration of the many profound questions involved. It will be an invaluable aid to all who are seriously striving for themselves to enter into the way of a reasonable, liberal Christianity. As a class-book, it will demand a studious teacher and adult scholars; for, as it introduces and seeks to develop the ideals of a profound philosophy, it is no child's play, and cannot easily, or, perhaps at all, be adapted to the necessities of an ordinary Sunday-school class.

"**From Jerusalem to Nicæa.**" By Philip S. Moxom. Roberts Brothers, Bos-

ton.—This volume is a popular résumé of the history of Christianity during the first three centuries. Beginning, after a preliminary chapter upon the rise of Christianity, with an interestingly written account of the organization of the Christian Church, the freedom of Mr. Moxom's view will readily be seen here, as in his statement that many people display a vain fondness for endeavoring to trace the organization of the Church back to Christ, whereas Christ "wrote no book, appointed no officers, in the proper sense of that word, and established no institution." It was the principle of indestructible vitality contained in the message of Jesus which afterward created the institution of the Church, developed resources, and became organic. This point Mr. Moxom reiterates, and eloquently demands that the only explanation of the marvellous growth of Christianity is in the fact not of the establishment of an order or institution, but by the transcendent personality of Jesus himself,—that in his person there came into the world a spiritual force greater than any other to which the history of man witnesses.

This attitude toward the Church, regarding it as not merely a formal institution, flavors the treatment of all the subsequent chapters, especially in dealing with the various church struggles against the hydra-headed Gnosticism. "The significance of Christian thought as an historical development will scarcely be grasped by him who does not master the main elements of second-century Gnosticism," says Mr. Moxom, in closing his chapter on heresies, showing a sympathetic regard for a system of thought usually considered antagonistic to the dogmas of Christendom, which well indicates the broad spirit of this work.

We feel compelled to quote the closing paragraph of the volume, and think our readers will determine that it will be well to read the whole of this broad view of the development of early Christianity, presented by a man so fearless and honest as this author.

"That doctrine [incarnation] is not an arithmetical threeness of persons,—the impossible conception, three equals one; but it is the reality of God in Christ, the revelation of God in humanity, the pledge of the perfect fulfilment of man's life by his perfect union with the divine." In this sense we agree with Mr. Moxom "it is the supreme doctrine of Christianity."

As we said, the book is popular. Indeed, it is the substance of a course of Lowell lectures. No notes or references are given, except a list of works consulted, in which we are surprised not to find that well-known book which happens to cover the same ground that Mr. Moxom traverses,—Lamson's "Church of the First Three Centuries," edited by Dr. Ezra Abbot.

"Dissertations on Subjects connected with the Incarnation." By Canon Gore of Westminster. Scribner's Sons, New York.—Here is a work which, while not exactly the antithesis of the book we have just noticed,—Mr. Moxom's "From Jerusalem to Nicæa"—is yet as painful reading as the other is pleasurable. It is scholarly, ornate in diction, elaborate in every detail, splendidly done for all purposes of reference and permanence, and yet hopelessly unsatisfying and sadly incomplete. It gives one the spectacle of a vigorous athlete running superbly; but, proving himself "a quitter," overtrained, he is passed easily by less able men. So weighted with authorities and authority, so overburdened with his ecclesiastical scholarship, Canon Gore seems incapable of freeing himself for the exercise, in sweet reasonableness, of common sense. So plainer men reach the goal. That goal is the presentation of the essence of Christian philosophy in a way to satisfy critical inquirers. His first effort is to prove the virgin birth of Jesus Christ. He says, "Considering the position which the virgin birth holds in the creeds, it cannot be denied that the Christian Church is committed to it beyond recall." But, if this is so, what blind audacity in any one desirous of "satisfying critical inquirers" to declare, in the way of argument, that any explanation which implies that the Church can be wrong in even a single article of her creed is on that account alone presumably invalid. Canon Gore can only add to his prestige as a partisan, but not as a reliable teacher, by such vicious reasoning. Assuming the virgin birth, he declares, "We cannot be accused of uncritical disposition in accepting the virgin birth of Jesus Christ as a *fact of history.*" There is perceptible a

strong desire to overcome the inevitable sense of human separation which follows the deification of Christ, and fervent appeals are urged upon Anglicans that they will strive to emphasize the real human experiences of Christ. But how can these appeals avail, while the Christ is at the same time held to be not human, but "*assuming* our humanity for our salvation"? The dead weight of creed, and the dreadful torment of the cultured and enlightened mind in forcing its modern reason to carry its ancient conclusions, were never more unintentionally displayed than in this volume.

"**The Oxford Movement.**" By G. Wakeling. Macmillan & Co.—This is a volume of personal recollection. It gives in a most entertaining manner sketches of people and incidents connected with that reviving movement of fifty years ago which proved that the trumpet of the Church of England could still give forth a blast of no uncertain sound. So much has been written on this theme, from Dean Church's volume to Canon Liddon's Life of Pusey, that there would seem to be need of only just this book of personal sketches to complete the recorded history of that remarkable period. Mr. Wakeling adds, however, something more than illustration. He really gives a valuable account of how the effects of this movement percolated out of the centres of learning into, and through and through, the country at large.

"**Passages of the Bible.**" Arranged by J. G. Frazer. Adam & Charles Black, London. Macmillan & Co., New York.—So frequently is the demand reiterated for some careful collection of the best Bible readings that one gladly welcomes the present arrangement. It will be found valuable for reference, for home reading, and possibly for pulpit use. The selections are made with sole regard to their literary value. The old King James version is followed without variation, and the evident effort has been in the whole appearance of the book, type, headings, etc., to present the idea of the Bible as a classic in literature.

"**Short Sermons.**" By Samuel Greg. Philip Green, London, Eng.— These twelve manly, vigorous sermons by a layman ought to produce a stirring influence wherever read. They are models of direct utterance, of forcible illustration, and of deep feeling. Greg was a school-fellow of Martineau, and some expectation of what may be found in these sermons is likely to be aroused when we know that Martineau said of Greg, "His whole nature sighed for a religion which, like the true word of Christ, should sink deep and go wide."

"**Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.**" Edited by E. H. Coleridge. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.—It must have been unusual blindness to a great literary opportunity that has kept us for sixty years since the death of Coleridge with no volume of his letters; for, as a correspondent, he was exceedingly brilliant, various, charming with utter unreserve, both copious and profound. Of course, a great many of his most notable letters have been accessible to the determined seeker, being imbedded in the published lives of scores of his intimate friends, who were almost all men of mark enough to be the subjects of biographies, —in the lives, for example, of Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, De Quincey, John Murray, Thomas Poole. But no conception of Coleridge's wonderful "genius at play" can be obtained until one has gathered before him, as in these two volumes in continuous chronological order, the chief letters of his life. Sir William Hamilton once said that "Coleridge is rather to be considered as a faculty than a mind; and I did so consider him. I seemed to listen to an oracular voice and to be surrounded with a divine aureole." Other oracles have succeeded Coleridge, things that he "divined" have become common knowledge, things that he "dreamed not of" are topics of our day, yet such genius as his has a power that is not transitory; and in the unfolding of his inner life as we can apprehend it in these letters is a tale we "cannot choose but hear."

"**The Mogul Emperors of Hindustan.**" By Edward S. Holden, LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.—To be carried without fatigue into the vast wonderland of India, and there to review the extraordinary events of the three centuries from the conquest of Delhi by Timur, 1398, to the death of the last Mogul emperor, Aurungzeb, 1707, is indeed to have an unusually dra-

matic period of Indian history delightfully impressed upon the memory. Dr. Holden succeeds admirably. He disclaims any intention of writing statistical history, but brings together from his very thorough study of the subject those "actions of small note," as Plutarch says, "a short saying or a jest, that often distinguish real character more than the greatest sieges." From the original memoirs of native historians of India, and the accounts of early travellers, as also from standard histories, Dr. Holden presents a series of vivid pictures of the emperors and the violent vicissitudes of their tragic lives. He shows very clearly the causes for the temporary splendor and apparent power of Akbar and Shah Jahan, and as clearly the certain revolt from tyranny and selfish aggrandizement, the utter distraction and dissolution of the empire, under the warfare of six contending kings and rajahs, and at last the happy advance toward solidarity, toward enlightenment, toward capacity for self-government made possible by the organized justice and merciful strength of British rule.

"Margaret and her Friends." By Caroline H. Dall. Roberts Brothers, Boston.—In 1841 Margaret Fuller gave ten "Conversations" upon the mythology of the Greeks. These familiar talks were given at George Ripley's house in Boston, and were attended by such men as R. W. Emerson, Jones Very, Frederic H. Hedge, William Story. Mrs. Dall say: "When Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, and William Henry Channing wrote the first memoir of the Countess Ossoli, it was at first intended to call the book "Margaret and her Friends,"—for it seemed impossible to think of her apart from the "rosebud garden of girls" that had always surrounded her,—but this was given up, because the authors found it impossible to paint the portraits. I have preserved the title, because Margaret found herself surrounded at Mr. Ripley's by a group of men every one of whom bore a name of more than ordinary significance. It was not enthusiatic girls alone who carried her banner and bowed at her feet. Her friends were the friends of all mankind."

"This Goodly Frame, the Earth." By Francis Tiffany. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.—The sub-title to this charming and fascinating volume of travel, "Stray Impressions," is so modest as to give no suggestion of the revelations to be found within. In reality, this book contains, woven in a web of actual sight-seeing, the stored knowledge of a deep, sensitive, cultured, observant mind. Others may travel; but who has ever given us such an insight into the intellectual, æsthetic, and imaginative delights of such travelling as this? The book is a charm. It is most excellently made up, so that one can snatch a morsel at a moment's leisure here and there; and, finding each so dainty, the book will surely be turned and turned again till every paragraph becomes familiar.

The Modern Reader's Bible. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. Macmillan & Co., New York.—A real beginning in a popular edition of the classic literature of the Hebrew Bible seems to have been made by Dr. Moulton; for this most delightfully arranged, dainty little volume is certain to be immediately appreciated.

This is just what we have waited for so long, a modern presentation of the sacred Scriptures. The text used is that of the revised version, with the alternative marginal readings very often substituted for the text. This volume treats only of Wisdom Literature, and indeed only the first division of that department, considering merely "The Proverbs"; but it shows us how revealing it is to have the old confusing, half understood matter revised by a thorough scholar, who yet appreciates modern needs. These Proverbs take to themselves new meanings, when presented as sonnets, clusters, quatrains, or dainty couplets.

The introduction is an admirable bringing home to the reader of all those essential side-lights and background views by which the words of these old wisdom-making writers seem alive. We begin to see the place of these wise men who have been called humanists in relation to the prophets and the singers and the scribes, and we look forward eagerly to the continuance of this most helpful work. We are only promised the rest of the Wisdom Books,—Ecclesiasticus, Ecclesiastes, and Wisdom of Solomon; but we trust that the Book of Job may be similarly treated, and we see no reason why this same enlightening treatment should not include by degrees all the books of the Bible.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE TOY DOG.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue.
Oh, the years are many, the years are long;
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE CRITIC.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout.
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And, then, its fashion's old.

"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose,
Nor yet the Canterbury bell,—
I never cared for blues.

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.

—*Mildred Howells, in Christian Advocate.*

PUSS BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

During the most interesting situations in "Clover," at Palmer's Theatre, a large, tiger-marked cat, which belongs to the stage door-keeper, walked on the stage, just inside the footlights. The cat proceeded leisurely until it came to the centre of the stage; and then it turned toward the audience, at the same time directly facing the musical director, Herr Nowak, and began solemnly to stroke its whiskers. The house was crowded, and the scene in the opera absorbing, but this was too much for the audience, and a ripple of laughter began to spread. Herr Nowak's fat sides began to shake with suppressed merriment; De Wolf Hopper looked at Eugene Oudin as if he would have given a thousand dollars for one good shout of laughter; Marion Manola took refuge in her black lace veil, while plump little Annie Myers grew rosier and rosier until she seemed about to have an apoplectic stroke. Von Suppé was forgotten: all eyes were on—the cat.

Suddenly, with a bang, the kettledrums rattled, the violins shrieked in unison, and with a great start Herr Nowak gave a vigorous sweep of his bâton, the singers recovered themselves, and the cat, with tail in the air, and each individual hair on its body standing erect, turned and cleared the space to the wings with one leap.—*New York Sun.*

FOR EVERY DAY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

PERSEVERE.

The fisher who draws in his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell:
The child who shuts up his book too soon
Won't learn any lessons well.

If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient,—don't learn too fast:
The man who travels a mile each day
May get round the world at last.

—*Exchange.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Athol, Mass.—The Guild of the Good Shepherd of the Second Unitarian Church received fifteen new members Sunday evening, November 10. The pastor, in a beautiful and impressive manner, gave the right hand of fellowship. A very interesting and instructive course of lectures is being given at the usual Sunday evening service of the guild on "Life in Palestine when Jesus lived." These meetings are well attended. By the efforts of Mr. Horst a good orchestra, composed of members of the society, has been formed, and adds greatly to the enjoyments of the meetings. October 20 the guild had the pleasure of listening to Rev. D. A. Rogan of Athol on his personal experiences in the South during slavery times and the early part of the war. Both old and young were very much interested in the talk, as Mr. Rogan modestly called it. At the close of the course of lectures mentioned above a line of work will be followed that will engage the help of all active members of the guild in the Sunday evening services.

Sunday evening, November 24, the two Unitarian societies of Athol joined in union services at the Second Church, and had the pleasure of hearing George W. Stone. The ladies of the society are preparing for their annual fair, which will be held the 10th and 11th of December. Rev. Mr. Horst was the only delegate from the society to the National Conference.

Belfast, Me.—After five weeks' vacation the church reopened September 22. The winter activities are well under way. An entertainment by the Sunday-school occurs very soon, and a fair is planned for the last of November. The Unity Club met Monday evening, November 4, to choose officers and formulate its programme for winter work.

Interest in all departments seems to be unabated. During the summer the congregations were large. Though many of the regular attendants were absent, their places were filled by transient visitors, of whom our little city had more than in any previous season. The first Sunday of July the pulpit was occupied by Mr. Greene of Castine, and the second Sunday of July by Rev. Mr. Hanscom of the Methodist church, in exchange with Mr. Leighton. This exchange was more significant from the fact that it was solicited by the Methodist pastor. The second Sunday of August Rev. Mr. Woude of Toronto, Can., preached.

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton attended the Conference in Washington, being absent one Sunday. Sunday, November 3, the subject of the sermon was "Impressions of the National Conference at Washington." We are looking forward to an active and successful year's work.—*Church Exchange.*

Boston, Mass.—The chief event among our churches has been the installation of Rev. Howard N. Brown as pastor of the first Unitarian church in America,—King's Chapel,—November 10. The ceremony of installation began during the playing of an organ voluntary by Organist B. J. Lang. Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, accompanied by Rev. Francis G. Peabody and Rev. H. N. Brown, first entered the reading-desk. Then Mr. Lyman made a statement showing that on April 15 the proprietors of King's Chapel had invited Mr. Brown to become their minister. He also read the letter of Mr. Brown accepting the position, adding, "We are assembled to ratify the compact thus entered into."

Rev. Dr. Peabody offered prayer. Then Mr. Lyman stated that the wardens and vestrymen of the church, acting for the proprietors and agreeably to their instructions, had taken order for the ordination and installation of their elected ministers, and had followed the forms and usage adopted in the ordination of Rev. James Freeman in 1787, in the ordination and installation of Dr. Greenwood in 1821, of Dr. E. Peabody in 1848, and of Rev. Henry Wilder Foote in 1861.

Mr. Lyman here made a formal declaration, installing Rev. H. N. Brown as pastor of King's Chapel "so long as he shall continue to preach the word of God, and dispense instruction in the duties of piety and religion, conformably to our sentiments and opinions of the Holy Scriptures." Turning to Mr. Brown, he said, "We solemnly ordain and declare you to be our public teacher, pastor, and minister; and in testimony thereof we deliver to you this book, containing the testimony of our precious Christian faith."

An old Bible, the lessons from which have been read in King's Chapel since 1768, was thereupon handed to Mr. Brown; and, on Mr. Lyman uttering a benediction upon the new pastor, his closing "Amen!" was heartily repeated by the congregation.

Rev. Dr. Brown responded as follows: "Having already signified my willingness to assume the sacred office to which the vote of this church has called me, and being here present to receive the solemn charge now laid upon me, I need not reaffirm a decision that has passed beyond my recall. I desire, however, at this time to express to the officers and members of this religious society something of the gratitude I feel for the kindness they have shown to me, and to declare my humble but earnest trust that the blessing of God will be upon the relation here established. While I have no confidence whatever in my own unaided ability to meet the requirements of this

place, I firmly believe that I have been led to it by something more than the will of man, and that, in trying to be a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ, I shall have such help that I need not utterly fail. Such, at least, shall be my constant prayer to him who is the Giver of all good; and I entreat that your petitions may go with mine for the prosperity of the holy work committed to our hands.''

Burlington, Vt.—At the last meeting of Unity Club Rev. J. H. Metcalf brought before the meeting the proposition from an orthodox church that, if we would change the night of the meeting to Friday, the pastor and a number of his young people would like to become associate members of Unity, as their prayer-meeting on Thursday evening prevented their doing so at present. It was voted unanimously to change the night, and welcome heartily those who were interested enough in our programme to ask such a favor. The programme of the club just issued is in very pretty form for preservation.

Carthage, Mo.—The ordination of Mr. F. W. Bennett of the last class of Harvard Divinity School took place November 4. The church, which had been newly improved and decorated, was filled with an interested congregation. The programme was: voluntary; anthem; invocation and Scripture by Rev. Abram Wyman of Topeka; ''Lead, Kindly Light''; sermon by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago; hymn; prayer of ordination, Rev. A. Wyman; charge, Rev. T. B. Forbush; fellowship of churches, Mr. Wyman; act of installation, Prof. J. M. White, chairman of trustees; address to the church, Mr. Forbush; doxology and benediction by the pastor. The musical selections were rendered by an excellent choir, and the service was very impressive and satisfactory. Carthage has some eight thousand inhabitants, and is connected by both electric and steam railways with Joplin and Webb City, containing twenty thousand more. The location is favorable for the promulgation of liberal Christianity, and Mr. Bennett has both the ability and incentive to become its evangelist.

Chelsea, Mass.—On Tuesday, November 12, the First Unitarian Society tendered a reception to Rev. A. P. Reccord and wife, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Fryer, Miss Barnard, Mr. Alley, Miss Dockham, and Mr. Tilton assisting at the reception. Daintily appointed refreshment tables were presided over by Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Hopper, and Mrs. Fannie Phipps. During the evening Major Gould presented Mrs. Reccord with a box containing $75 in gold coin as a gift from the church people. Mr. Reccord most happily responded. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Phipps of Chestnut Hill, Mass., who have long been associated with the church and its generous patrons.

Columbus, Ohio.—The Liberal Religious Conference held in Columbus, October 29-31, was convened under the auspices of the Ohio Ministerial Association; and the programme, arranged by Rev. S. G. Dunham, chairman of the executive committee, was carried out with very little variation.

Tuesday evening Dr. E. L. Rexford delivered an address of welcome, in which he said, ''The conference was held, not in the interest of party or sect, but in the name of that supreme interest which has challenged the reverent thought and attention of the world in all ages and all countries,—the name of religion.'' The tendency is more and more to domesticate religion for use on these earthly shores. It is not a ''scheme,'' or ''plan,'' detached from the universal order, but the aggregate movement and law of the entire thought of God. Religion is the best meaning and experience of all things. Dr. Rexford emphasized the necessity of united action by the different liberal churches; and the object of the conference was to strengthen the defences of right, and to create such a spirit that people will say, ''Fellowship is credible,'' ''Brotherhood is credible,'' ''God is credible.'' From this standpoint he extended a hearty welcome to all.

During the conference interesting addresses were given by Rev. Messrs. E. A. Coil of Marietta, John Goddard, D.D., of Cincinnati, Moses Gries of Cleveland, A. G. Jennings of Toledo. Great interest was given to the conference by the admirable addresses of the women,—Rev. Henrietta G. Moore of Springfield, Rev. Miss Burt of Cleveland, and Mrs. Stoner of Springfield.

The following committee was appointed to consider and report a plan for a federation of liberal churches, for common work for promoting the welfare of mankind. Dr. E. L. Rexford, Rev. M. J. Gries, Rev. E. A. Coil, and Rev. John Goddard.

Concord, N.H.—On Sunday, October 20, Rev. Frank L. Phalen being absent at the National Conference at Washington, the morning service was conducted by three of the laymen. The Scripture lesson was read by Louis C. Merrill, and prayer was said by Col. Solon A. Carter. The sermon was by Hon. James O. Lyford, and was an able and eloquent one. Mr. Lyford took for his theme ''Christian Unity.'' We quote as follows: ''Since hell and its terrors have been eliminated from the church creeds, and a few other disputed points settled, what is there to prevent church unity? We acknowledge the same God, and work for the same general principles. In time of

public calamity we recognize no Methodist or Baptist or Universalist relief, but only the unsectarian love which prompts the charity. What is religion? In what do religions differ except the belief in a creed and the attendance on one particular church? The Saviour has said that 'thou shalt love God with one soul, one heart, and one mind, and that thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' What church of to-day but would subscribe to that doctrine? What church but is engaged in the giving of alms and the raising of the fallen and unfortunate? Every pulpit preaches charity and love except in church work. If they differ not in the essence of their work, why should there not be Christian unity? The churches of this country have been compared to a fleet of vessels. They sail under the same commander-in-chief, toward the same destination, and for the same purpose. Each sailor is proud of his craft, and will often speak of his neighbor's craft in terms hardly befitting the same. In time of storm they hasten to each other's rescue. In time of calm they visit from one craft to another. They can only be distinguished on Sunday. What spook or phantom keeps them apart? In the common brotherhood of man there are impulses and desires that transcend all creeds and overleap all denominational bounds. Present failure brings with it no discouragement. The very yearning for broader Christian fellowship is an earnest of ultimate success."

This church has lost an earnest supporter in the death of Hon. Parsons B. Cogswell, which occurred on October 28. Mr. Cogswell was one of the foremost citizens of New Hampshire, and for more than thirty years has been a central figure in the business, literary, educational, social, and political movements that have centred at the capital of the State. He had held many positions of public trust. He was ex-mayor of the city, and president of the board of education.

The Sunday-school has finished the lessons on the Old Testament, and has taken up the lessons on "Scenes in the Life of Jesus," by Rev. Edward A. Horton.

On Sunday, November 3, the regular lesson was omitted, and a patriotic service was held. The "Service of Patriotism" in the new Service Book was used, Several patriotic hymns were sung; and Rev. F. L. Phalen gave a very interesting talk about the places of historic interest in and around Washington, which he has recently visited.

Dedham, Mass.—The *Parish Record*, published by the First Church, gives notices of all services, meetings, and entertainments. It gives a good idea of the many interests that engage the attention of this flourishing society: "The first quarterly meeting of the season was held October 31, with a good attendance, considering the stormy weather. Mrs. M. G. Boyd presided, and kept the meeting active throughout. After the reading of the records of the last meeting by Mr. Fish, Rev. C. F. Dole was introduced. He spoke in a most impressive way on the 'Future of our Church,' calling attention to the progressive elements of our faith and its abundant growth to come. At the same time he dwelt upon certain hindrances which should be outgrown, to give way to the true religious life. Miss Ellen H. Crehore gave an admirable report of the doings of the recent Conference at Washington; and Rev. Mr. Fish, Sr., made an earnest plea for more and deeper social warmth and welcome in our churches. He was followed by Mr. Alfred Hewins and Mr. Favor. Miss Crehore and Mr. Fish spoke briefly and earnestly upon the need of more and stronger efforts during the coming winter in favor of no license. The meeting was adjourned about half-past nine, when refreshments were served."

Grafton, Mass.—Rev. T. E. Allen has resigned his charge of the Unitarian church after a service of four years.

Ithaca, N.Y.—Prof. Jenks, who is the head of the department of political economy at Cornell University, gave a very instructive lecture Sunday evening on "The Guidance of Public Opinion." Prof. Jenks said that no country is so much swayed by public opinion as America. Not one-fourth of the voters try to think out the issues of the day. The influence of the press is less here than in Germany or England; but the independence of the press in America is greatly hampered by the desire for large sales of the papers. The expression of an unpopular opinion may result in the loss of thousands of subscribers in a few days. Every moral, intelligent man is responsible for this state of things, and not the politicians only, as some people believe.

These are but a few of the thoughts expressed by Prof. Jenks. The discourse was so filled with original thought that we regret that it is not accessible in pamphlet form.

—The union meeting of churches and of the charitable associations of the city, held at the Baptist church, showed that liberality of thought is advancing here as elsewhere. The professor of ancient and mediæval history, Prof. Burr, gave a most impressive discourse on "The Living Gospel." Among other things, Mr. Burr said this living gospel is not of any book, but something t uer, diviner, more inspiring; that is, the heart of man. Paul said he would write living Epistles: Jesus did not lay claim to any verbal utterances. "Mohammed's truth lay in a sacred book, Christ's truth in a holy life." Christ's

revelation was a life, but the record of that revelation is a book. Is that love that is unexpressed lost? Christian manhood and womanhood is what we most prize. A Japanese once said to an American audience, "Do not send us beliefs: send us Christian living." There is a gospel written on human lives. Has the Christian life or book kept truest to the past? The living gospel grows, develops, and, while it lives, cannot cease reaching up higher and higher toward the realization of nobler ideals of thought and action.

—On November 10 Dr. Scott gave us an account of his experience in spiritual growth from a narrower to a broader religious life. The congregation followed the discourse with rapt attention, finding many of their own spiritual struggles described; and perhaps some battles were won by the speaker that some of us may feel are clouded with defeat rather than glorious with victory. Many were the expressions of appreciation and gratitude that were heard as the congregation dispersed, after hearing so inspiring a discourse. In the evening Dr. McCurdy of Maryland, a Presbyterian clergyman, occupied the pulpit, and gave a sermon full of energy,—such a one as would be calculated to impress a Presbyterian congregation with the importance of holding fast to those beliefs that seem vital to them.

Milton, Mass.—On Sunday, October 27, Mr. Stebbins gave an *extempore* discourse on the subject of the "National Conference," being not a report of what was then said and done, but rather the impressions and suggestions which he himself had received from the occasion. He spoke of the high importance of the Conference to us, and, in a yet broader sense, to generous and true religion; also the added interest which attached from the circumstance of the Conference being held at the nation's capital,—not alone because of the beauty and glory and impressiveness of the city, but because there seemed a certain fitness in the coincidence that this large religious meeting should take place at the political centre. It seemed to bring together religion and patriotism, which really are closely allied because they are one in spirit: they are nourished by the same emotions,—enthusiasm and self-surrender.—*Parish Recorder.*

Missouri Valley Conference.—On November 6 and 7, at Wichita, Kan., the fall session of the Missouri Valley Unitarian Conference was held. At the business session of the conference several resolutions were unanimously passed. One resolution looked to the publishing of a Unitarian periodical in Chicago, another to having some of the prominent ministers of the East come to the various churches in the conference and hold services, thus to extend the Unitarian word and influence. The following resolutions were adopted in reply to the method of union in the Western work proposed by the Western Unitarian Conference:—

"In regard to the resolutions submitted to this conference by the Western Unitarian Conference, looking toward the union of the Unitarian forces in the Central West,

"*Resolved*, That the Missouri Valley Unitarian Conference deems the proposed plan of union undesirable and impracticable.

"*Resolved*, second, That this conference does favor some form of union of forces of the American Unitarian Association and the Western Unitarian Conference in the Central West."

Owing to the extremely unfavorable weather, the attendance at the session of the conference was small. The papers, sermons, and addresses were all of a high order of excellence. On Wednesday evening there was a platform meeting, with three speakers,—Rev. Messrs. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, W. G. Todd of Kansas City, Kan., and T. B. Forbush, superintendent for the American Unitarian Association in the Central West. The subject discussed was "Aspects of Unitarianism that have impressed me most." Thursday morning, after the business session of the conference, Rev. C. G. Howland of Lawrence, Kan., read a paper on "Socialism." This was followed by a general discussion of the paper. In the afternoon the session was opened with a sermon by Rev. F. M. Bennett of Carthage, Mo. Rev. A. W. Gould gave a report of the National Unitarian Conference at Washington. After which reports from the various churches of the conference were given. In the evening the conference sermon was preached by Rev. W. G. Todd on the subject "The November of Religion." A. WYMAN, *Sec'y.*

Neponset, Mass.—A brief history of the Unitarian church recently appeared in a local paper, from which we quote:—

"The first legal meeting of the society of the Church of the Unity, Neponset, was held May 18, 1859. Rev. Frederick W. Holland, recently deceased, was the first pastor. Eight ministers have been in charge for longer or shorter settlements: Rev. F. W. Holland, from 1859 to 1862; Rev. C. B. Webster, from June, 1863, to November, 1863 (enlisted in the army); Rev. Samuel W. MacDaniel, from 1864 to 1866; Rev. Hasket D. Catlin, from 1867 to 1870; Rev. Alfred C. Nickerson, from 1871 to 1878; Rev. Charles B. Elder, from 1880 to 1884; Rev. H. H. Woude, from 1885 to 1886; Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, from 1887. The present minister (Mr. Hosmer), the son of Rev. George W. Hosmer, D.D., was born in Buffalo, N.Y., and was grad-

uated from the Theological School in Meadville, Pa. He was settled over the First Parish in Bridgewater, Mass., from 1868 to 1878, and at the East Church in Salem, Mass., from 1879 to 1886. His present pastorate began Jan. 1, 1888. There has been great harmony in the parish, and there is a very pleasant feeling among all the churches of Neponset. Exchanges of pulpits have been made. Union meetings are quite often held, and for several years all the churches have joined in a union picnic.

"The Church of the Unity endeavors to exemplify its name in encouraging unity of spirit in the bond of peace. It has been active from the beginning in good works. The Sunday-school organized by Rev. Mr. Holland has been actively maintained to the present time. For many years, and until his death, Mr. John W. Porter was its devoted and efficient superintendent. The good work has been well sustained. The school is well organized and prospering. There is a flourishing guild for Christian culture, holding meetings from November to May."

Presque Isle, Me.—We are feeling good effects from the conference visitation of last summer. The society is earnestly busy in various ways that are proving most helpful. We are now well organized. The Unity Club, which started in September with eight, now numbers about thirty-five. Its meetings, held weekly, are devoted to the reading and study of the chief American and British poets, two evenings or more being given to each. We are having, also, in the club a course in French history, which occupies a half-hour each evening.

A Lend a Hand Club, consisting of the younger members of the Sunday-school, with their pastor and a few of their young friends, meet every Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. The children are much interested in Hawthorne's "Stories from Greek Mythology," the lessons of which they brightly and profitably discuss. They also have their programmes of readings, music, charades, etc., and, best of all, are finding good ways to lend a hand.

The ladies' sewing circle is busy preparing for the Christmas fair.—*Church Exchange.*

Providence, R.I.—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Olney Street Congregational Church gave a "Birthday Party" in the church vestry November 8, which netted the handsome sum of $80. As this sum was supposed to represent the combined ages of all who contributed, at the rate of one cent per year, it will be seen that this was a very venerable gathering. If we may rely upon the returns, the ages varied all the way from one year to five hundred years. Surely, a very happy combination of youth and old age in the service of the church!

—The Young People's Guild of Westminster Church held its monthly meeting at the minister's house. The resignation of Mr. J. F. Paine, the guild's efficient treasurer, was very reluctantly accepted; and Mr. Walter Thurber was elected in his place. Plans for the winter's work were discussed. The young ladies' sewing-circle gave a very successful entertainment in the vestry November 4. An attempt is being made to organize a choir for the Sunday-school. Meetings every Friday for practice have been arranged. The Westminster Church Branch of the Women's Alliance held its regular meeting in the vestry November 9. Mrs. Phelon read an extremely interesting report of the Conference at Washington.

—The death of Dr. Woodbury, at Concord, N.H., came as a great grief to the many friends who became so deeply attached to him during his thirty-five years' ministry in this city. On the second day of April, 1857, Mr. Woodbury was regularly installed as pastor of the Westminster Unitarian Church. He was the fourth pastor in rank that the church had since its erection. Mr. Woodbury left this city in 1892, and at the same time he gave up the heavier duties of the ministry. He was succeeded by Rev. Herbert H. Mott, the present pastor of the church. Dr. Woodbury was an earnest and faithful pastor, and was loved and respected by his own people and others who knew him. During his thirty-five years' residence in this city he engaged himself not only faithfully and zealously in his pastoral duties, but in social advancement and good citizenship outside of the church.

Roxbury, Mass.—On Wednesday evening, October 30, the Women's Social and Benevolent Society tendered a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, as a welcome home after their long absence. The parish gladly availed themselves of the opportunity, and a large gathering was the result. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Lyon, the officers of the society, Miss Carret, Miss G. M. Carret, and Mrs. Ripley, assisted Mr. Lyon in receiving. The Decoration Committee, consisting of Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Hatch, and the Misses Murdoch, displayed great taste in making the house beautiful; and the hall never looked better. Large and handsome palms and potted plants were loaned by Mr. Houston, Mrs. Samuel Little, and Mr. Newhall, to whom many thanks are due. Three pieces of music were provided, and were enjoyed by all. The supper, prepared by the members themselves, was very appetizing; and the whole affair reflected great credit upon all the committees in charge.

Salem, Mass.—The funeral of the late Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D., was held at the First Church on Saturday, November 16. It is fifty years since he resigned the

pastorate of this church. There is now no ex-pastor of this church living.

—An interesting and profitable address in memory of Rev. E. B. Willson was given recently by ex-Mayor Rantoul before the Essex Institute, of which Mr. Willson was president at the time of his death.

—The East Church has had a fine course of lectures and musical entertainments, and there is great activity in all departments of its work.

—A recent meeting of the Essex Unitarian Club was pronounced by many to be its best. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Savage and Horton.

—The North Church holds a course of class lessons on "Current Topics," which is well attended and much appreciated.

—The Barton Square Church Alliance has had a successful sale, and is arranging a series of class lessons and lectures on biographical subjects. The Barton Square Guild has been organized, and there is considerable interest in its meetings.

—The death of Mr. Edward H. Payson removes a familiar figure from our streets, and takes from the North Church one of the subscribers to the fund for building the present church edifice, and a constant attendant upon its services. Throughout his long life of ninety-three years he has been an honored citizen.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The ordination and installation of Rev. Adelbert Lathrop Hudson as minister of the First Unitarian Society of Salt Lake City took place November 10 in Unity Hall. The service throughout was one of the most impressive religious events ever seen in this city. Long before eleven o'clock, the hour set for the commencement of the services, the hall was crowded with a fashionable congregation; and, when the services began, fully one hundred people, including ladies as well as men, were standing in the aisles and around the head of the stairway. On the stand, which was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums, were seated Rev. Trowbridge B. Forbush of Chicago, Rev. David Utter, United States Marshal Brigham, the president of the Unitarian society, and Rev. Adelbert Lathrop Hudson, the minister to be installed, and later in the service Rev. Clarence T. Brown of the First Congregational Church of this city.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Trowbridge R. Forbush of Chicago, Western superintendent of the American Unitarian Association. The installing prayer and the address to the people were both made by Rev. David Utter, former pastor of the society. The welcome to the city was offered by Rev. Clarence T. Brown of the First Congregational Church. Mr. Brigham, president of the society, made a most admirable address of installation, which will appear in the *Unitarian* as an article.

Springfield, Mass.—The Church of the Unity opened its doors for morning services the first Sunday in September. The church had been closed during the month of August. On the first Sunday in October Sunday-school opened, and the evening services commenced. The Sunday evenings in November have been marked by a course of lectures delivered by our pastor, Rev. Bradley Gilman. The lectures take the place of the sermon, the subject being Puritanism and Puritan leaders. The series was broken Sunday evening, November 17, that we might have the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Chant, of London, on the subject of "Dreams and Dreamers."

The Ladies' Benevolent Society has held its annual business meeting, and voted to meet regularly once a month to sew, the afternoon's work to be followed by the customary parish supper and sociable.

The annual church "Year Book" is out. Two interesting features of it are, first, a catalogue of our beautiful stained-glass windows, and, second, the dates of the Sundays on which contributions are to be taken up, and the objects for which the money is to be used. The regular contribution for an indefinite object has been abolished. Due notice of the special contributions is given from the pulpit. The contribution on Sunday, November 24, was used to provide Thanskgiving dinners "for the less favored in our parish."

Wollaston, Mass.—On Sunday, November 3, the sermon in the morning was by the pastor, Rev. James E. Bagley, on the subject "Behold the Man." At the vesper service at 4 P.M. Rev. Leslie Sprague of San Francisco gave an extemporaneous address upon "Jesus, the Way to God." The Guild of the Good Shepherd, at 6.30, was led by Miss Winifred Howard,—subject, "Perseverance."

It has been arranged to hold vesper services here every other Sunday at 4 P.M., alternately with those of the Stone Church, Quincy; also that, at intervals during the winter, our usual morning service shall be so arranged that Sunday-school and church may unite, the children sitting with their parents in the pews, and the sermon having special reference to them.

The Unity Club, of which the president is H. W. Lull, superintendent of the schools of Quincy, is to study "King Lear," at its next two sessions, under the directorship of Mr. Bagley. The December session is to be given up to the consideration of Christmas legends, customs, and carols, Miss E. G. Thayer, director. After Christmas a consecutive course of literary work will be commenced. A Halloween entertainment was given by the guild, which, in spite of the rain, was a great financial success; and on Wednesday, November 6, a sale was held by the Little Helpers, an organization of boys.

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